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CAN WE AFFORD MARSHALL AID ?

With the gap in our balance of foreign payments still far from bridged, there is no gainsaying the fact that we stand in need of all the E.R.P. help we can get; but even sorely needed help may be bought at too high a price. Negotiations continue in Washington on the bilateral pacts which E.R.P. recipients have individually to sign. The terms have not been officially published, but a picture of them can be obtained from well-informed "leaks" in the U.S. press. The American State Department appears now to have modified the clause that would have given the United States effective power to dictate British monetary policy, including the dollar value of sterling; but, if report speaks truly, there remains in the draft agreements enough highly objectionable provisions to make it doubtful whether Britain can afford to accept them.

Apart from the provisos that much of the E.R.P. "assistance" is to take the form of loans which we must repay, and that our future dollar earnings are to be impaired by America's right to use part of the sterling accumulated in London under the plan for the acquisition of strategic raw materials, the British pact, in its present form, robs us of any chance of securing the expansion of planned export trade essential to our recovery. Going back on all the changes made at Geneva and at Havana in their Trade Proposals of 1945, the Americans now demand that we shall sign on the dotted line a document repeating the impossible commercial conditions which were laid down in connection with the original Dollar Loan. These include pledges to abolish Empire preferences, to abstain from all forms of "discrimination" in trade agreements, and to restrict the growth of international State trading. Over and above all this, the Americans still seem to be demanding control over British investment policy in the Colonies and Dominions.

It would be disastrous if the Government were for a second time to put its hand to an agreement containing such clauses. Two years ago it could at any rate be argued that Great Britain was pledging itself only to support the American trade proposals and to carry them out *if other nations also accepted them*. That was bad enough; for the unworkableness of the American stipulations in the present state of the world was soon amply proved. The objections of other nations saved us then from being tied down to the impossible attempt to carry out our contingent promises; but we are now apparently being called upon to go the whole American hog without any saving clause about world acceptance of the same restrictions. Moreover, though there is no guarantee of a continuance of E.R.P.—at any rate on the scale required—beyond the first year, we are being asked, according to report, to tie ourselves down to the limitations on our freedom for a period of at least four years.

Other countries scheduled to receive American aid are in the same dilemma as Great Britain. Neither we nor the other nations of Western Europe can hope to get our affairs straightened out, even if E.R.P. continues at a high level for some years to come, without full freedom to make bilateral trading agreements both among ourselves and with the rest of the world—including both the British Dominions and Eastern Europe. Freedom to do this is worth much more to us than any aid we can look for from the United States; and it should be an axiom of British—and of West European—policy on no account to give it away.

It will no doubt be said that we are in so weak a position that we must have American help now at any cost, and that accordingly we have no alternative to signing any terms the Americans choose to insist on. Admittedly, if refusal to sign the American terms meant forgoing all dollar credits, we should have to face a sharp fall in our standard of living—exactly how sharp would depend mainly on the line taken by Canada. But it is difficult to believe that, if we and our European partners stand out firmly, the Americans will not give way. There are known to be divergent views in the State Department itself; and the American yielding of ground on the issue of currency control shows that the terms are not unalterable. Even if they were, it would be better to face for a limited time even the most extreme austerity than to condemn ourselves to a surrender of our freedom to buy where we will and to shape our own national and international future.

In the week that remains before the E.R.P. pacts must be signed there is still time for the European States concerned to form a common front, instead of allowing themselves to be taken one by one. The Americans can be reasoned with if only we achieve agreement on the case to be presented. The determining factor, however, in the attitude both of the smaller European Powers and of the U.S.A. will be the position adopted by the British Parliament. If Sir Oliver Franks fails to secure radical revision of the pact's terms, the House of Commons will be presented for the second time with an American agreement which can only be ratified—if it is—in the clear knowledge that its conditions are intolerable and incapable of fulfilment.

Currency War in Berlin

The Western currency reform has precipitated the expected crisis in Berlin. While the Russians are still preparing their own measures for a new Eastern Zone Mark, they have announced that it and it alone will be valid for Berlin. This puts the three Western Powers in a dilemma. So long as they remain, they must be responsible for feeding the Western sector of the city. But if the marks with which the Berliners pay for their food are Russian, they will be useless in the Western Zone, and we shall be in reality giving the food away. The alternative is that we should seek to enforce the validity of both the Eastern and the Western currencies in Berlin. Our refusal to recognise Eastern notes in our sectors is presumably a bargaining move towards this end. The currency war, however, is only one facet of the struggle for power which is proceeding in every sphere. The Russians, having waited until our actions in Frankfurt have made quadrilateral control almost meaningless, will now argue that we have no right to be in Berlin at all. Our strongest counter-argument is that, if we leave Berlin, the Russians must hand back to us Thuringia, which we swopped for the Western sectors of Berlin at the Potsdam Conference.

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The Dock Strike

Why Mr. Deakin chose to call his meeting of dockers at the Albert Hall, far from the docks, and where only the "loyal" minority could be expected to attend, heaven and Mr. Deakin only know. At all events, his action handed the control of events to the unofficial strike leaders. Had he met the men on their own ground, he might or might not have succeeded with them; meeting—or rather, failing to meet—them as he did, it looked as if he were running away. As for the strike itself, search for a rational basis for it in the immediate antecedents is vain. Its causes lie in a deep unrest which pervades all dockland, mainly on account of the unwisely centralised control scheme foisted on the Government by the Transport and General Workers' Union at the end of the war. The men are earning good money; but they are "fed up" and have been badly handled. There is good reason to hope that the unavoidable use of the military to unload food cargoes will not lead to strike action on a national scale, though the risk is bound to be there. What is essential is that the present state of affairs shall not be allowed to continue. The dock control scheme must be drastically amended and decentralised; and the Transport and General Workers' Union must take steps to put its own too centralised house in order, and regain the confidence of its members. Dockers are queer folk, and need handling very differently from the general run of factory workers, or regularly employed transport workers such as the railwaymen. They will accept leadership when it is imaginative and on the spot; they will not be driven according to standardised rules administered from afar.

Engineering Inquiry

The engineers were among the trade unions which took strong objection to acceptance of the Government's wage policy earlier this year. Before the White Paper was issued they were in the field with a demand for a wage advance which they believed to be already overdue; and they were not prepared to find this barred by the new official policy. They were the more insistent because of the exceedingly high level of profits in most branches of engineering and shipbuilding; and, in common with a great many other people, they held that the attempt to control prices and profits by mere exhortation was a very poor counterpart to the proposed "stop" on wage increases, with its limited provision for meeting exceptional claims. Now at length the expected issue has taken practical shape: the employers in both the engineering and the shipbuilding industries have rejected the unions' wage-claims; and there is a strong feeling that reference of them to arbitration will be met by a refusal based on the Government's warnings about the dangers of inflationary pressure. In these circumstances one section at the A.E.U.'s National Committee last week pressed for strike action; but after a powerful plea from the president, Mr. Jack Tanner, this section lost the day. Instead, it is being proposed that there shall be a public inquiry both into the wage structure and the wage conditions in engineering and into the profits situation. For this course there is much to be said. The trouble with the engineers is not only that profits are too high and wages too low, but also that the wages are very illogically distributed in relation to skill and effort. A public inquiry could serve to bring about a good deal of salutary reorganisation inside the industry.

The Empire Breakers

Fresh from their escapade with the Parliament Bill, their Lordships amused themselves this week by making a mess of the Nationality Bill. Despite the fact that all the Dominions, including India, Pakistan and even Eire, had agreed its terms, the Opposition knew what the Empire wanted better than it did itself. To preserve a common status for inhabitants of the Commonwealth, it had been decided that each Dominion should have the right to describe its citizens, first, as members of that Dominion, and, secondly, as either British subjects or Commonwealth citizens. Canada already took this step in 1946. Now that others may wish to follow suit (particularly India and Pakistan, which are both understandably inclined to the term "Commonwealth citizen"), it was thought wise to ensure in advance that all the Dominions should proceed on similar lines. The title chosen for those who live in this country was "Citizen of the United Kingdom and Colonies," by virtue of which nomenclature they are also British subjects. "Citizen," thought Lord Altrincham, was a dangerous, revolutionary word. It would be exploited by malcontents in the Colonies. "Subject" means subject, and gives no one ideas above his station. No doubt many of their Lordships felt, with vivid memories of the French Revolution, that the situation was as bad as if the title chosen had been "Comrades of the United Kingdom and Colonies." Consequently, they carried an amendment which destroys all the agreements and says that anyone who is a British subject is a British subject and has the status of a British subject and may, or may not be, called a Commonwealth citizen according to taste. That little piece of mischief successfully completed, they devoted their statesmanship to Eire. A satisfactory "Irish" arrangement had been made by which citizens of Eire could write to the Home Secretary saying they wanted to remain British subjects, and the Eireann Government would make no fuss about it although their laws forbade it. But whether they wrote or not, they would, when abroad, have all the privileges and protection given to British subjects. That angered their Lordships, who said that citizens of Eire were British subjects no matter what laws the Eireann Government passed about it, and that British subjects should, and could, not be made to write letters to say that they wanted to be British. So the offending clause was removed in a manner calculated to give the greatest offence to Eire. Fortunately, all the Lords' attempts to disrupt the Empire can be put right again in the Commons.

World Health Organisation

Mr. Truman's last-minute ratification of U.S. membership in the World Health Organisation, which is now holding its first general assembly at Geneva, averted a ludicrous situation. This is the only specialised agency of Uno which the U.S.S.R., Byelorussia and the Ukraine have joined, and by the same token it seemed that it would be the only one that U.S.A. would not join. The Taber Boys in the House of Representatives a few weeks ago refused to vote the money for the U.S. contribution. Their point was that America was already carrying all these agencies on its back. America's share of the budget of any one of them is over one-third of the world contribution. But it certainly looked as though the presence of Russia was really behind the Congress decision. The Senate showed more sense, and Truman has made "honest men" of the large U.S. delegation which was going to Geneva anyway. Certainly nothing could have been more absurd than a boycott of the W.H.O. by the U.S.A., that germ-conscious nation. It is, however, a consolation that the U.S.A. and Russia can find common ground in the projects of the W.H.O. While it is true that it has taken this latest agency three years to come into existence, even its Interim Commission has demonstrated encouragingly militant qualities. With the untimely end of Unrra it became the legatee of unfinished work and the money to do it. One of its achievements, obscured by the political situation, has been the virtual elimination of malaria from Greece, another its effective intervention in the Egyptian cholera epidemic. Now, in conjunction with the Children's Fund, it is organising the T.B. testing of fifty million children and adolescents, and the vaccination of at least fifteen million. In conjunction with this, doctors from all over the world are to receive a post-graduate training at the National Jewish Hospital, Denver, Colorado. It is too much to hope that politics will be left out of the Geneva assembly—there is likely to be a bitter fight over the siting of the headquarters in Europe or in America—but the participation of seventy-one nations is a healthy sign for the Health Organisation.

IN PARLIAMENT: Odds and Ends

Wednesday.

MONEY again. More Amendments to the Finance Bill. The Chancellor still resisting all appeals by the commercial interests to his spiritual nature. In the final stages of the Bill, many of the Tory speeches have been demonstrative—a headline for the local paper, a point of reference for the next election—without any real hope of changing the tax. Cripps described one such speech by Turton, advocating tax-exemption for certain small farmers, as having been moved in words of the "wildest exaggeration." With the approach of 1950, the days of temperate argument will more and more recede.

By contrast with Turton, Eccles proposed a rebate on purchase tax for wireless sets in careful and compelling terms. Because of rapid fluctuations in this tax, retailers have been left with stocks bought at the higher purchase-tax prices, and are now obliged to sell them at the lower prices. No amount of foresight could have made them anticipate the arbitrary fiscal variation. The Government had, therefore, a moral duty not to let the small shopkeepers bear the loss. Douglas Jay, rejecting the amendment for the Chancellor, used the familiar stonewall argument that, if a concession were made for wireless sets, it would have to be made for a whole range of goods. When the House divided, one Labour Member was seen clawing his way out of the Government Lobby where habit had taken him. He'd suddenly remembered his week-end promise to the local branch of the Radio and Television Retailers' Association.

On a more exalted level than the Finance Bill Debate was the Adjournment Debate on the Middle East Christian Communities, initiated by Skeffington-Lodge, whose earnest voice suggests that if God wanted to raise a matter on the floor of the House, Skeffington-Lodge would be His natural spokesman. Like a page from Gibbon on the early heresies, Skeffington-Lodge's description of the sufferings of the Assyrian Christians, their distinguished genealogy and tenacious descent, was vivid and moving. He spoke of their dangers in Moslem countries, of Britain's debt to them for their war service as levies, and asked that they be now resettled. To illustrate the breakdown of discipline in Iraq where the Assyrians now live, he said that in Bagdad it is "quite normal for ordinary schoolchildren to go on deputations to Cabinet Ministers, who are so afraid of them that they not only pat them on the back, but grant all their whims and fancies in a policy of continuous appeasement." (Familiar as this process is to M.P.s and fathers everywhere, the charge against the Iraqi was not accepted by Hon. Members as conclusive.)

Hector McNeil, the Minister of State, gave a friendly assurance of his continued interest in the Assyrians, and of his faith in the traditional tolerance of the Iraq Government. Would he meet Mar Shimun, the Assyrian Patriarch, when he's over for the Lambeth Conference? asked Tom Driberg, an amateur of the obscurer schisms. Hector McNeil saw no reason why he shouldn't.

The following day, Group-Captain Wilcox asked on the Adjournment what is the Government's policy towards emigration. Wilcox, though rarely heard in debate, is one of the ablest technicians in the Parliamentary Labour Party, and his advocacy of mass and communal emigration by aircraft was heard with attention. This view was challenged by Chetwynd, who shared the more widely held opinion in the Labour Movement, that skill should be conserved at home, rather than dispersed abroad. Of the Tories, Sir Stanley Reed made a well-balanced speech, warning the House against denuding Britain of its best men by emigration. Gordon-Walker, the Under-Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, wound up strongly, in the face of interruptions by the Tories who resent Labour's interest in the Empire. But it was clear that the question of emigration cannot be decided without consulting the countries of the Commonwealth.

MAURICE EDELMAN

COMMUNISM IN ASIA

HE British press has suddenly become interted in Asia. It is unfortunate that this sudden scovery of news value in the Far East seems ly to have been occasioned by Mr. Malcolm acDonald's recent speech about the growth of mmunism in Malaya. Communism is certainly e important factor in Asia, but the public will isunderstand the entire situation if it thinks these vast territories, which are now the home a new-born nationalism, merely as battleounds between Moscow and the West.

China is the scene of the most remarkable of all mmunist advances. Russia learned her lesson the failure of Borodin's diplomacy after the last ar, and the programme which was outlined in ao Tze Tung's *New Democracy* was carefully signed to suit the special needs of China. Comtent and non-Communist Western observers, ho have spent years in the Communist areas of orthern China, agree that almost for the first me in history the Chinese were honestly verned, that land reform had immensely nefited the peasants, and that the regime, ough necessarily tough, was efficient and nuinely progressive. To-day China has entered pon a new phase of Communism. Manchuria ust now be reckoned as effectively part of the viet sphere. Chinese Communist armies, overwering the half-hearted and underfed levies of hiang Kai-shek, are now in occupation of about e-third of the rest of China. It is here that eneral Marshall learned his lesson about Comunism. He discovered that it was a movement the people, spreading because the ludicrous inficiency and fantastic corruption of the present hinese Government made any alternative attracve. American money and arms do not make ccessful armies out of unwilling troops. Little formation reaches the outside world about the wly conquered Communist areas of China. Forerly the Communist area was blockaded; in mparatively stable conditions it developed on own, Chinese, lines. Now that the Communist mies are advancing and fighting for their lives, ports suggest, as we should expect, that they are ore ruthless in suppressing opposition and aking a far more drastic division between richer asants, who will not accept Communism, and or peasants, who can be won over. No one can timate how far they have retained their popurity with the mass of the population.

It will be in China that the future of Comunism in Asia is decided. The Americans may nbark on the expensive and precarious task of olstering up a Chiang Kai-shek regime in outhern China. At present they are uneasily ware that any such attempt is merely to throw ollars down a bottomless rat-hole. They are easily aware, too, that the Chinese are not all China. The Communist-Kuomintang struggle also fought in Malaya, where the Chinese are e largest community; it even overlaps spasodically into Siam, which is suffering from an flux of Chinese capitalists on the one hand, and infiltration of Chinese coolies on the other. e situation in Malaya is probably more comex than in any other part of the East. It has n mishandled by the British since the war; it uld in any case have been difficult. There was Resistance group to whom Britain could pass er power as she could in Burma. There are ee races concerned: the Tamils, mainly in the ines; the Chinese, who form the bulk of the pulation of Singapore and are a large minority the rest of the country; and the Malays themves, who have very little say in their own coun and tend to remain loyal to their Sultans who le by favour of the British. The problem of alaya is only in small part Communist-made. It rapidly becoming an issue between British pitalism and Chinese nationalism, which is in elf partly Communist and partly capitalist.

In Burma, whatever the results, the British ve begun by acting rightly. It was a disaster at General Aung San, the national hero, and his Cabinet should have been almost wiped out at a single blow. Thakin Nu, who took Aung San's place, is universally respected. No man has a clearer conception of his duty. His desire, as the leading member of the Thakin movement, was to build an independent, Socialist Burma; he intends to resign in July, and to devote himself for the next six months to the organisation of AFPFL, the predominantly Socialist Resistance organisation which shed its Communist element in November, 1946. His policy in international affairs is to maintain the best relations he can with all the Great Powers, and in the domestic sphere to reconstruct devastated Burma. There is no considerable opposition in the country to his Socialist programme. The Burmese Resistance movement, like the others of South-East Asia, aimed from the first at getting rid of Imperialist rule, and therefore began by showing sympathy towards the invading Japanese. When the true character of Japanese Imperialism became clear, it readily switched to the British side on the honourable understanding that victory would be followed by national independence.

Thakin Nu's object was to maintain national unity; to hold together Communists, Socialists and many of no pronounced affiliation. He was forced from the beginning into a military struggle with the so-called Red Flag Communists (the Communist Party of Burma, led by Thakin Soe) in Arakan. He has done his best to avoid a political struggle with the White Flag Communists (Burma Communist Party led by Thakin Tun) in Central Burma, and at one time seemed likely to achieve a measure of success in inducing a section of them to return to AFPFL. A Communist rising, however, in Central Burma has compelled him, as a similar tendency has compelled Nehru in India, to arrest a large number of Communists and to come into the open as their opponent. Far the strongest card in the hands of the Communists is the attitude taken by some important British business concerns. The Burmese Government has made it clear throughout that they are willing to pay reasonable compensation for British industries that are nationalised; and, if extravagant and obviously hostile claims are withdrawn, a fair agreement may still be reached between the British and the Burmese, the present excellent relations between the two countries maintained, and the Socialist Government of Burma provided with an effective answer to Communist propaganda.

The cases of Indonesia and Indo-China rub in the lesson for the West. The national movement of Indo-China was not Communist at its inception, though it contained Communists among its leaders. Ho Chi Minh and several of his colleagues are Communists, and the hold they have upon the population is shown by the failure of the French to obtain popular acceptance for any of their suggested puppets; it increases with every day in which French armies spread ruin and death in the countryside. Of all the wars now proceeding in the world, the French war in Indo-China is perhaps the least justified and the least intelligent. Similarly, in Indonesia, the Dutch could have made, if they had been willing, a common-sense, lucrative and satisfactory agreement. The British, who were in charge of the country when the war ended, did their best to persuade the Dutch to accept a fair settlement. The settlement that was at length achieved after unnecessary slaughter and destruction is far from satisfactory and probably temporary. The Conference at Kalioerang between the Dutch and Indonesian Republicans under Uno auspices has now been broken off by the Dutch. In Indonesia Communism plays only a small part. The Indonesian nationalist movement is no mushroom growth; Dr. Sjarir and Dr. Soekarno, for long its moving spirits, are neither of them Communists. The attitude of Holland can only be explained by Dutch fear of losing their immense Indonesian assets, on which indeed their high standard of living largely depends. Sooner or later they must learn to co-operate on equal terms with the Indonesians—unless they wish the Indonesian movement to become Communist, with the probable result that they will lose all they possess. In these days of acute shortage, it has been a tragedy that the immense food reserves of Indonesia have been withheld by Dutch intransigeance from the world market.

Such a bird's-eye view of Communism in Asia shows two things. Throughout the Far East there is a revolt, supported by all classes and political parties, against their pre-war colonial status. In every case this nationalist movement has been accompanied by an overwhelming demand for economic and social change. This is a situation which Moscow is naturally ready to exploit. It supports nationalist rejection of foreign imperialism and the demands of workers and peasants for a fair deal. There is no direct evidence of the existence of an Eastern Cominform. But Russia has now heavily staffed embassies in Bangkok, Rangoon and elsewhere, and we may assume concerted Communist policy. This does not mean that Russian agents swarm over the Far East. It means that Communist propaganda makes successful play with the past sins of Western Imperialism. It has the advantage of being a disembodied voice. Russia still seems a long way off in South-East Asia. It can promote Communism without appearing to threaten nationalism or coming into collision with those deeply entrenched religious beliefs, whose influence is still the most powerful force in these ancient civilisations. It offers, by wireless, faith and hope, while the West, still represented by business men on the spot, too often gives the impression of thinking only in terms of dollars and domination.

REVOLUTION FROM OUTSIDE

Frankfurt, 21st June.

"THIS is a social revolution from above—and from outside. You, the visitors, lit the fuse; now we Germans must pick up the pieces. And who are we? A few politicians who are hardly known outside Frankfurt, without a Cabinet, an administration or even a central bank. We could have wished that it had been done differently. But we shall try our best. To fail now means utter catastrophe." The German politician, who said this to me in his Frankfurt office, was not exaggerating. The currency reform, of which the final batch of decrees are being published this week-end, is an explosive charge designed to demolish the dangerous ruins of the German financial system. This week the explosion is still in process. The fragments of the building are in mid-air. Only when wages, prices and employment come to rest again will it be possible to judge whether it has achieved its purpose. Meanwhile, buoyed up, each on his particle of 40 brand new Marks, the Germans are quite happy. They see in the shop windows the consumer goods which have been hoarded so long as the Mark was valueless, and feel in their pockets the new points cards entitling them to shoes and suits and underclothes without a special permit. They will only feel the bump in the next week or two when they come to earth—in or out of a job.

In discussing this measure, one has to begin with the reminder that currency reform was absolutely essential, and, however it was carried out, would cause widespread suffering and injustice. The old building had to be pulled down. The question is, first, whether the method used was unnecessarily brutal to some of the inmates, and favourable to others, and secondly, whether it will lead to another demolition in a year or two. On the issue of brutality there can be no dispute. By refusing to grade the revaluation as the Russian revaluation was graded, and so to leave

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the small saver with something in the kitty, the Occupying Powers have caused the maximum amount of individual hardship.

Some time ago the German politicians at Frankfurt put up their own complex plan for currency reform combined with a *Soziale Lastenausgleich*, that is, a capital levy on real property designed to even out injustices. This plan was summarily dismissed by the British and Americans, who found they could not accept even one of its main principles. Undoubtedly, it deserved harsh criticism since it was not severe enough in cutting back purchasing power. But instead of reshaping it, the Allied economic financial experts decided to work out their own scheme quite independently. A batch of them was flown in from Berlin and ten German economists were bundled into a bus and transported to a secret destination behind barbed wire. There the new plan was elaborated for a currency reform *without* a capital levy.

This high-handed decision nearly caused a rebellion among the German politicians in Frankfurt. But at the cost of some important concessions of detail, the Military Governors got their way. The Berlin plan was adopted. Currency reform should be a responsibility of the three Occupying Powers; the *Soziale Lastenausgleich* should be worked out by the German Economic Council in Frankfurt after the currency reform and upon the basis of it. As one British financial expert put it to me, somewhat disingenuously, "Currency reform is a mechanical adjustment which the Occupying Powers can carry through. A capital levy, since it involves social and ideological issues, can only be successful if it springs from the genius of the people and is carried out by their own politicians." I can scarcely believe that he meant me to believe this. The truth, of course, is that the Americans did not want to be responsible for ordering a capital levy—which smells of Bolshevism—and the British in Berlin offered very little resistance to this argument.

Currency reform is not a mere "mechanical adjustment." The Anglo-American plan now operating has completed the proletarianisation of the German middle class which began in the inflation of 1923. Twice in a generation their savings have been wiped out. But this time, owing to the presence of millions of Eastern refugees without any means of support, and the absence of any central government, the social repercussions will be even more violent. Once again the small savers and big savers are knocked on the head with strict impartiality. I have some hope that Herr Koehler and his colleagues will be able to push through the capital levy as an agreed measure between all the parties. But their efforts will be very severely limited by the urgent need to stimulate private enterprise in order to prevent huge unemployment. Credit is bound to be extremely short. Loans, which they would like to use to enable the *Länder* and the municipalities to provide public works for the unemployed and relief, will have to be given in the first instance to industry in order to stimulate the flow of consumer goods which is the object of the whole scheme.

Under the peculiar conditions set by the Berlin plan, the only hope of preventing a second inflation, a revival of the black market, and another revaluation of the Mark, is the rapid recovery of free enterprise. This indeed was the inevitable result of separating the currency reform from the capital levy. It ruled out any chance of Socialist planning, except in secondary schemes of relief. Germany will probably follow the path of France and Italy, and move towards a strictly capitalist economy. But with this difference, that it now possesses no middle class. At long last Karl Marx's prophecy has been realised: the nation is divided into those who own the means of production, those who work for them, and those who die because they cannot; and this final Marxist consummation has been achieved by a decree of the Western democracies designed to avoid the necessity for imposing the Socialism implied in a capital levy!

The Berlin planners, who descended on Frankfurt a few weeks ago, would probably regard such considerations as academic. They were financial experts, concerned with a mechanical adjustment. When I asked one of them what would happen to the old people who, since interest stopped being paid at the end of the war, have lived on their capital, he replied: "We are concerned with productive workers. The others will be forced on to the parish." Hitler's decision to gas the inhabitants of public institutions meant speedier death. Then there are the refugees from the Eastern Zone, mostly women and children, who have been surviving on the little they brought with them, eked out by odd jobs on the black market. On my way back from Munich to Frankfurt last week, I stopped at the exquisite medieval town of Noerdlingen, and looked into the Town Hall, which had fortunately escaped the bombing. There I ran into the Town Clerk, a quiet, harassed man. "Well," I said, "I suppose you'll be fairly all right here?" "All right!" he replied. "Just half my population are refugees from the East, and they will all be on public assistance when they've spent their 60 Marks." It is, of course, necessary to eradicate the black market and to get people into productive work. But what work? I had fondly hoped that tens of thousands of ex-black marketeers might help to clear the rubble in the cities, until someone in Munich reminded me that no one can risk clearing rubble when he has only one thin pair of shoes.

Or consider another problem, irrelevant from the financial point of view, but of great political importance. What will happen to the students? I discussed this with Ehardt, the Minister President of Bavaria. He had just been faced by a huge demonstration of student hunger-marchers, and he told me that after the currency reform at least half of them, who haven't State scholarships, will have to give up their studies. This in itself may be no bad thing, since academic unemployment was one cause of the rise of Nazism. But such measures should not come as the unplanned by-product of financial reform.

It is no use crying over spilt milk. The damage has been done, and the question is, how can the social crisis be overcome? In the first place, the responsible Allied officials must stop saying, "We have done our job; now it's up to the Germans." This would be easier if the headquarters staffs moved out of their luxurious suburb of Berlin and started living in the Western Zone, where they can see at first hand the results of their actions. I did not meet a single British or American in Frankfurt who did not complain about the lamentable consequences of the mental isolation induced by life in Berlin. We cannot run Western Germany from outside.

In the second place, there is the problem of unemployment. Everyone expects very large unemployment figures in the next few weeks, possibly well over two millions. In the building trade, for instance, there are 1,300,000 workers, half of whom are likely to be out of work since the employers will not have the money to pay them. But much of the unemployment will not be really new, since the black market has been really a form of concealed unemployment. With its closure, hundreds of thousands will queue at the Labour Exchange in search of honest work. The test of our success therefore will not be the unemployment figures in a few weeks time, but those of next autumn.

How large they will be depends on the credit policy of Frankfurt. This at present is not under the control of the German Economic Commission, since the *Bank der Länder*, which has been set up in imitation of the American federal system, has its policy dictated by British and American officials. What is needed therefore is the closest teamwork between the Germans and the British in Frankfurt. There can be no more flying visits from Berlin and last-minute ultimata.

With credit short, the great difficulty will be to draw up a priority list, and it will be tempting for the Allied experts to overlook the social repercussions as they overlooked them in the currency reform. If they do, the future is black. A few days in Bavaria were enough to convince me that the position of the democratic parties could n be more insecure. Separatism and nationalis are now the strongest political forces. In them selves, they are insignificant because they a irrelevant. What they indicate is that Bavaria h entered a pre-Fascist stage; and in the pas Bavarian extremism has led the way for the who of Germany. If this is not to happen again, M Bevin will have to throw all his weight on th side of measures designed to soften the harshne of the currency reform, even if those measur are Socialist in content.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A LONDON DIARY

HAVING been a motorist for more than twen years, I am shocked by the blindness of m fellow-motorists who wrote to me this wee Three correspondents remonstrate with me f assuming, as they imagine, that all road acciden are the personal responsibility of the motoris On the contrary, I am only too well aware that may myself have an accident at any time, and th the immediate cause of the accident may be th carelessness of a pedestrian or cyclist. It woul not alter my argument if in every case of a ro accident the motorist had been careful and th victim negligent. One indignant corresponde charges me with class bias because I remarke that the class feeling that now arises in the ca of many accidents here is absent in Ameri where so many workers own cars! My point wa quite simple. Motorists are not to blame fo large proportion of the accidents that happe But the accidents happen because there a motorists on the road. From the pedestrian point of view, the situation is very much as if section of the community owned revolvers an were allowed to discharge them at birds or oth targets as they went along the street. Th number of people killed by this form of spo might in that case be similar to the number o fatal motor accidents, and it would often be po sible for the man who fired the shot to prove co clusively that not he, but the passer-by wh negligently got in the way of his well-aime bullet, was responsible for a fatal accident. That about how the situation looks in a village throug which motorists drive at fifty miles an hour. It the villagers' fault, no doubt, if they get in th way, but is it reasonable for people to drive fifty miles an hour through a village street i which children play and where people from tim immemorial have walked about on their lawf occasions? I can most simply answer m correspondents by saying that if I have a accident in which I killed somebody, I shall fe a most unpleasant degree of moral responsibili even if the accident is not technically my fau I shall know that if I had been more attentive an more imaginative, the accident might have bee avoided. The only perfect rule for the driver to regard every other motorist as a homicid lunatic and every pedestrian as a suicidal one.

* * *

Some former Viceroys of India may have bee more profound thinkers or abler administra tors than Mountbatten. But none of them, wi the possible exception of one or two of the Co pany's early officers, could have carried off triumphantly the task of being the last Briti Viceroy and Governor-General. That he was t last no doubt gained him some popularity; b it is only a small part of the explanation for t crowds that followed him, or his wife, wherev they went, and for the obviously genuine affe tion, almost love, in the farewell speeches of t Indian leaders. The decision he was obliged make on Partition would have been quite su cient to blight the remainder of the stay of a other Viceroy. I would put first among t qualities that have made him so successful sincere and sustained enthusiasm. It is rare politicians and administrators to be passionat interested, and dis-interested, in their jobs, a at the same time to appear to be so. Mou batten is, and convinces everyone else that he When he asks for advice, he wants it, and i nds to use it—he is not just flattering by an tentive smile while really thinking about someing else. His military training has taught him e importance of "timing;" he is fertile with roposals and expects his staff to tear them to reds, until one emerges that stands up to the ost ruthless criticism. Next in importance is his onventional unconventionality. His Royal background and complete acceptance of the forms of nglish (and Indian) society have enabled him sily to sweep away barriers, usually regarded sacrosanct. How could Indian Princes stand p against so superbly dressed a prince who told em to give in to democracy? How could boureois-minded officials represent to him that British iquette in India required Viceroys not to give arties at the Viceroy's house to Indian pressen, and not to squat on the ground amongst e mourners at Gandhi's funeral? But the ountbatten's were a team, and Lady Mountatten helped refugees in the Punjab not because e thought she ought to, but because she wanted . As quick and intelligently sympathetic as er husband, it was not difficult for Indians to e that she, like the Governor-General, enjoyed eing alive and believed it was the right of everye else to enjoy it, too.

* * *

I learnt with great regret of the death last week my old friend Mr. Glynne Williams at the age 87. He was the most unassuming of men; w readers of this journal will have known that was he and Mr. Edward Whitley who year by ear made it possible for the old *New Statesman* continue during the long period before it had ound its financial feet. Mrs. Webb has recorded her diary how the first £5,000 was raised in 913; four supporters each contributed £1,000 G.B.S. was amongst them). Glynne Williams me in as a financial supporter and member of e Board in 1917. He was an ideal director, enerous and completely disinterested. A iberal in politics, he must have frequently disgreed with the tough, Imperialist Fabianism of lifford Sharp, who was editor until 1930, and I ave no doubt that he has often disagreed since. ut it was not his habit to say so because, like e Webbs and other founders of this journal, he as backing a venture in the intrinsic value of hich he believed; he did not expect to dictate s policy any more than to receive any material turn for his money.

* * *

If you turn down Villiers Street from the trand you pass on your left a narrow lane called, bsurdly, York Place. A plaque informs you that was formerly known as Of Alley, which was ertainly the shortest street name in London. It as very silly to change it because Of Alley ormed part of an historic whole. If you walk rough York Place you will find yourself in the attered remnant of George Court; you may then hoose whether you want to proceed by way of uke Street or Buckingham Street, which makes p in grand sum the splendid title of George illiers, Duke Of Buckingham.

* * *

In any of these once aristocratic streets you ill now see, early in the morning and late at ight, young men and women carrying large and umbersome parcels. They are artists bearing eir works to and from the exhibition now being eld, Paris fashion, in the Embankment Gardens. o through the four-barred wooden gate that is, hope, to remain as a permanent reminder of the ct that Charing Cross is only an overgrown village, ignore the band playing the most boring ind of music, pass between the colossal statue Robert Burns on your left and the more modest ibute to the Camel Corps on your right, and ou will find a crowd of eager and interested eople. Many of them may never have looked an original painting before; some of them find e more modern exhibits a bit hard on the eye. ut there is something here to suit all tastes. ome artists stand by their work ready to discuss it; some of them modestly sit on benches ear by and hope you will recognise them. The hole thing, as one painter put it to me, is "no end of a lark. The best thing the L.C.C. has ever done." Everyone is delighted about the annoyance caused to dealers, who want painting all to be on the snob level. There is too much darned democracy about this free-and-easy display, and no profits for anyone but the artist. No cliques here; no favouritism about hanging the pictures. You get the prepared screens if you are early; you clip your paintings on to the wire fence if you are late. The authorities were quite wrong in fearing that there would be a pitched battle between the realists and the surrealists. On the contrary, you find cheek by jowl some paintings that are highly accomplished, some obviously mere early flounderings, and some surprisingly original work in which young artists have been engaged during the war years. Anyway there is more fun and real talk about painting on the Embankment than you are likely to get at Burlington House.

CRITIC

JUST A FRAGRANT THOUGHT

(*With Apologies to Patience Strong*)

While dockers are displaying an uncompromising mood, the T.U.C. dismaying by their crass ingratitude, while the London Port congestion threatens perishable stores, let us ask ourselves the question Can *we* soothe the stevedores? While Clem is noncommittal and the rival leaders snarl, can't we all do just a little for industrial morale? If the men are out of humour, made to feel they're merely "hands," can't the middle-class consumer show he really understands? Though the Dockland Union leader for the dockers has done much, Labour's punitive procedure lacks the common human touch, though the Labour Board's injunction may authority assert, dockyard workers will not function when their feelings have been hurt. Dock decasualisation brings a haunting sense of loss and a feeling of frustration for they miss the bloody boss; there is discontent communal when committees arbitrate—the impersonal Tribunal hasn't any guts to hate. Though the dockers may have contracts and their jobs are guaranteed, it is closer human contacts that the dockers really need, and while food is going rotten and the dockland chaos mounts it should never be forgotten that a little kindness counts. So if you meet a worker in the strikers' rank and file, don't chide him as a shirker but just give a friendly smile. While all too human blindness may drive Britain on the rocks, your little words of kindness may work wonders at the docks.

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"The landlady made a cursory examination of my wife to see if there was any possibility of a child in the near future and, apparently being satisfied, said she would have us."—*Evening Standard.* (P. Sloan.)

Someone might also hint that holing-out on the last green during an important tournament with an unbuttoned overcoat flapping in the breeze is not generally considered the height of good taste in this country.—*Sketch.* (C. D. Shaw.)

What makes Rogers so popular with the kids is that, like Dick Barton, he has a high code of ethics. —*Sunday Graphic.* (D. C. Grabham.)

It was a fact that the shareholder in electricity stock had gained 10 per cent. as a result of having his stock taken over. The Bill was a good sound piece of Socialist legislation.—From report in *The Times.* (William J. Comber.)

Seconding the resolution, Councillor G. McIntyre likened the procedure to pre-war German Gestapo methods when men were taken from their homes and never heard of again. "The only difference," he said, "was that in this case it was a pig." —*Newcastle-upon-Tyne Journal.* (M. Pybus.)

JEWS AT WAR

Who were these people? I had never seen them before. Yet in their faces was the faint reminiscence of East End, East Side, and a hundred other ghettoes. They are leaner, more sinewy, taller here, and the beauty of their women is nearer to the earth. *Weltschmerz* has been shed. Only in Jerusalem lingers the introspective Jew. Elsewhere sun and air have made of him a Mediterranean man. He looks upwards and outwards.

It is a tiny war in a tiny country, but it has made a nation out of seven hundred thousand Jews. In Tel-Aviv they laugh at the B.B.C. broadcasts, which speak of "the Jewish authorities in Palestine," as though describing the proceedings of a rural district council. It is a very small nation, but its vitality is enormous. It absorbs the waifs and strays of Auschwitz and Belsen, and in a fortnight turns them into front-line soldiers, whose only link with the immediate past is the thin blue tracery of a concentration camp tattoo number.

In Tel-Aviv I thought again and again of Barcelona in July, 1936. The brilliantly white and garish city, the crowded cafés and their clientèle avidly intent on newspapers, the antique buses roughly camouflaged with mud and sprigs of green, a Haganah man with a nosegay of flowers peeping out of the muzzle of his rifle, the chanting young veterans of the Palmach (the élite striking force which stormed the fortresses of Acre and Safad), the girl sentry nursing her Sten gun, and the Jews of all tongues and all colours united by the fever of war, reminded me too vividly of another and unhappier war. But this time the Moors have been held.

The nation existed before the State, but statehood has crowned the nation with dignity. Some of the more cynical foreign correspondents in Tel-Aviv affect to laugh at the rubber stamps, the new uniforms of the police, the occasional pomposity of the official gazette, and all the bumbledom of war. But in all of these things the Jews take the pleasure of children with new toys. They are the essential compensation for the indignities heaped upon them by other States. It is a phase, and the Jews are anarchists enough to resent government in their own good time. Meanwhile only strong governments can wage war.

The Government is strong and it is bound to the people. You see David Ben Gurion, the Labour Prime Minister with the white mane of a concert pianist, in the middle of the crowd on Tel-Aviv promenade excitedly cheering on the Jewish "navy" engaging the Egyptians in battle off the coast. Or he is up at front headquarters in the Latrun battle, snatching a couple of hours sleep Churchill-fashion in an officer's bunk, before dashing back to a cabinet meeting. I talked to Moshe Shertok, the Foreign Minister, in an air raid alert. We sat among the clerks, and secretaries, and messengers in a reinforced cellar below the trim villa which houses the Foreign Office. These men are Socialists who have not lost the common touch.

The Jews of Israel never believed they could lose. I think of Schloime, the taxi-driver, who camouflaged his shiny new Hudson with mud and dust in order to take me to the front, and who lay on the ground in the last battle for Latrun under all-night bombardment from Arab Legion positions. The Hudson was Schloime's bread-and-butter and life, but he risked it and himself to show a journalist that his people could fight.

And they can fight. The newest recruits learned their musketry drill in the front-line, but they held fast. David Michael Marcus, the American colonel, who came to Israel by way of Brooklyn, West Point, Guadalcanal, Normandy and Dachau, told us the night before he died: "This is not an army. This is a nation in arms." When I returned to London, I told a friend the story of Marcus, how he led a fifty-mile desert dash into Gaza with thirty men and held the air-field there for half-an-hour, how he was called "Mike" or "The Friend" by all ranks in this classless army, and how he died after he had made secure the relief road into Jerusalem, cut

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by the Jews out of a mountain-side. "Ah!" said my friend "the Jewish Glubb Pasha." I winced. "Marcus was a Jew," I said.

Because Israel is a nation in arms there is no dividing line between civilian and military morale. The air raids on Tel-Aviv were puny affairs compared with the blitzes of the world war. But Tel-Aviv had no shelters worth speaking of, no balloon barrage, no anti-aircraft defences, and, much worse, barely a handful of fighter planes. Yet this melting-pot city held as firm as a rock.

Tel-Aviv is the seat of government. It is the headquarters of war. How different the beleaguered new city of Jerusalem against which the Arab Legion massed its artillery. But civilian morale did not bend in Jerusalem in spite of weeks of hunger, thirst, and hellishly effective bombardment by British-trained and British-officered gunners. The casualties in Jerusalem were high, 340 killed and 1,200 wounded, sixty per cent of whom were women. There were days and nights when it was impossible to walk abroad in the city. There were false cease-fires when singing groups of children were torn to shreds by sudden shell-fire. Yet never once in its ordeal did the city's will falter.

Shortly after the final cease-fire I entered Negba, a Socialist settlement in the South. It had been mortared, shelled, bombed, and strafed by the Egyptians for over three weeks. The Egyptians hardly distinguished themselves as fighters in this war, but they were excellently equipped, and they held a Taggart police fort commanding the village from a hill-top barely a mile away. Ninety dead cattle, killed by bombs or shells, lay unburied in the ditches outside the settlement. There had been no time to bury them. Their bodies lay in a long line in the ditches, the flies were thick on them, and a sickly-sweet stench poisoned the air.

Negba wasn't much of a military objective. It was a garden redeemed from the desert. Now it is a ruin. I stumbled through craters and rubble, the wreckage of little cottages. Gardens, once bright with snapdragons and other English flowers, were torn and scarred. The trees were burned and dead. A settler said to me sadly: "We can rebuild the houses quickly, but trees and flowers and cows take years and years of labour." They lost twenty killed and wounded at Negba, and those who remain are living in slit-trenches roofed over with earth and corrugated iron. The earth was too hard to fill sandbags, and they used sacks of corn instead.

We left Negba with a little convoy which was taking away the last few hens and ducks and sheep that had survived the bombardment. There was a peacock, too, a proud ornament, who was crated with the poultry. That was Negba; the animals are evacuated, and the humans remain. There was a fire burning still. It had been caused by incendiaries. There was the inescapable stink of decaying cattle. And there was triumphantly above the desolation the sound of a Chopin prelude, played by someone on the last piano in Negba. Perhaps it isn't much to go by, but somehow the man who played Chopin in the desert ruins summed up for me the undying hope of these Jews.

They are bitter about Britain. They cannot understand why and how a Labour Government could have let them down so badly. It is difficult to explain to them the warp and woof of British policy which has brought two peoples which owe so much to each other into a tangle of hatred and despair. I tried to tell them what damage Irgun and the Stern group had done to their store of goodwill in this country. But they had much to say that I could not answer.

They wanted to know why British subjects still directed the Transjordan war effort, and had participated in, if not inspired, the bombardment of Jerusalem. They said there were over two hundred British subjects in Transjordan, officers, N.C.O.s, civilian technicians and administrators, who were all in the war in some way or other. Since my return I've asked about them in London, and been told that H.M.G. has no control over them. It will be difficult to convince the Jews of that, particularly since British officials in Jerusalem have informed the Jews that the British officers exercised a "restraining influence" on the Arabs.

The Jews want to know why the British are endangering the European Recovery Programme by halting the flow of oil to the Haifa refineries. They say that the oil is being refined at Kirkuk in Irak and petrol pumped through the line to Amman, where it is diverted to Transjordan for military use. I asked about that too in London, and was told that H.M.G. had no control over the oil companies. Somebody will have to explain that to the Jews. I can't.

They deeply resent what they term "British propaganda" to the United States. They complain that this identifies Zionism with Communism, although a more petty-bourgeois society than Israel it would be difficult to imagine, and suggests that, if the Arabs lose the war, Soviet influence will spread like wild-fire through the Middle East. They point to the abominable social conditions in the Arab world—a much likelier fuel for Communism than the recognition of a social democratic Israel. They accuse the British of playing the State Department off against the White House, of coddling the oil interests, and of encouraging anti-Semitism in the United States by attempting to drive a wedge between American Jews and American Gentiles. These accusations cannot be answered by irritated official silence, or a dignified washing of hands.

It may not be too late. It is surely a British interest, and a Socialist interest, too, that the standard of life in the Middle East be raised. The Jews of Israel claim that they had raised the standard of life of the Arabs of Palestine, and that, given a chance, they would make their settlement with the Arabs outside and help them upwards. They will grow quickly, I think, and they will transform the whole power structure of the Near East. It is better to have them as friends than as embittered, rejected suitors.

One night, at the Latrun front, I was in the company of a Jewish officer, who had served with the Eighth Army. We were walking towards an observation post, and were halted by a sentry, who cried out in Biblical Hebrew, "Who goes there?" The language of the God of Battles is as apt for war to-day as it was two thousand years ago. We didn't know the password; rather sheepishly, for he recognised us, the sentry told us: "The Breakers Through." Chopin and the language of Gideon. That is the strange blend of the Jews at war.

JACK WINOCOUR

A VISIT TO OXFORD

I LEFT Oxford in the winter of 1936, when Madrid was resisting the attacks of Franco's armies, and returned for the first time last week for a stay of three nights. Impressions brought away were hasty; but they were also unexpectedly keen, and in character surprising.

You adjust yourself without too much displacement to a sensation of herbaceous youthfulness, which begins at Oxford Station. You begin to master, after some early confusion, the complexities of personal gossip. You get used to the fact that everyone knows where everyone else is at any time; that comforting locatability, conferring value and sense on individual habits, is one of the permanent charms of Oxford life.

All such points are, after all, pleasing re-discoveries. So, too, are the engraved invitation-cards on chimney-pieces. But you get an altogether novel surprise when, peering at one on which appear distinguished names, you hear somebody say: "Ah, yes! Those are the Fascists."

Perhaps most surprising was the lack of surprise of everyone else. There was an atmosphere of scarce-concerned acceptance, so pervasive and soothing, that tentative questions seemed at first out of place. Is it really odd, I found mys wondering, that so soon after Hitler there shou be English undergraduates of good standing w acknowledge sympathy with Fascism, or is it who am odd in thinking it odd? Eventual however, it became clear that the people I w talking to also very much disliked it, and we displeased that it should be so easily accepted.

They drew a disquieting picture of the insidio respectability which undergraduate Fascism h begun to acquire. There is to-day no questi of black shirts or rowdy meetings; anti-Semitis too (following Mosley) is kept well out of sig It is rather a state of mind that goes with bossi inferior peoples and also with fast cars a camel-hair coats; it is the gentlemanlike Fasci of the rich, the leisured and the well-born, ma not in their first youth, who have entered unde graduate life after war service.

These shade off into two types. First, so rather smart young men, with no intellectual p tensions, who have Mosley's last book ("Isn't wonderful?") on their tables, and who can heard saying, at private "binges," that "soon shall all have to be Fascists, whether we like or not"; that "Belsen was too much talk about"; that the Germans are "a full-blood people"; that Hitler, after all, "delivered goods"; and that what is now needed is "cleaned-up world." Secondly, some more " tellectual" persons, who take themselves seriou as "political theorists." These lately produced review, *Avant Garde,* which aimed at being mendously "highbrow," making a portentous proach to Fascism via Spenglerian pessimis Too shabby and shoddy, despite this high to to influence the poor and serious, at whom it directed, it died almost at once.

So one must not make too much of th goings-on. And it is no doubt true, as I told, that many who profess themselves adhere (not using the word Fascism) are, in fact, "a able and harmless toughs," who will slough the taint later. Nevertheless, the fact t "amiable toughs" can associate themselves e nominally with such doctrine has, I am c vinced, some topical importance, as part o situation in which this quieter, more respecta brand of Fascism has been able to acquir certain cachet; which may indeed become m marked next October, when Oxford will take a generation of ex-soldiers who have experien war fighting in Palestine or have been quarrelli with the Russians in Germany. Nor, owing new deferment policy, which allows only schol to defer their military service, will any m scholars come into residence until Octo 1950. Whether this trend acquires real p tical significance depends, no doubt, on polit developments in the next five years outside University. Even to-day, however, there seems be no feeling that a sober tinge of undergradu Fascism will be detrimental to later prospe Rather the contrary.

The part played by Mosley himself, altho obscure, is certainly not negligible. The rum was somehow spread about, during this te that he is a "brilliant conversationalist." He been referred to as "The Master," and selec disciples, invited to week-end parties at country home, described themselves mysterio as going to "Another County." One cannot q confirm that he has lately favoured lunches dinners in private rooms in Oxford itself with presence; but this is generally believed. One or another, it is said, the more reliable disci have been well briefed. The "phase of pro ganda" was followed by a "phase of chalki And one day a black van, code-named " Elephant," appeared in Carfax, with ampli intendedly audible for three miles; but they b down.

It is clear that Mosley has insinuated s degree of personal influence among a genera to which, despite the war, Fascism has not same kind of significance as it formerly had. notices many things in Oxford, not all dire political, but all seeming part of a new patt potentially favourable to him. The bias of controversial conversation is almost entirely in the direction of the Right Wing. You hear about these Fascists; or about the Carlton Club. The Labour Club, though substantial in numbers, is respectable and no longer the vogue. The Carlton Club, recruited chiefly from undergraduate ex-officers, and very pompous, stands, of course, impeccably aloof from Mosleyism. The twain can perhaps never meet. Yet the benevolently paternalist, authoritarian outlook characteristic of the former, who tend to talk about "organisation" and "clearing the ground," is not ultimately incompatible with the Fascists' aggressive demand for a "cleaned-up world"; and both spring from the same sort of "officer class," basically hostile to Labour politics, which the war has left behind. The question for Mosley is whether he can ever make himself respectable enough to join the two strands; that, evidently, is what he has been trying to do.

Secondly, the will to shock, always conspicuous in the undergraduate character, can now only be satisfied (apart from orgiastic beat-ups, knife-throwing parties and the like) through some form of Right-Wing extremism. Labour politics seem too respectable since Labour became Government; Communism, in the present state of anti-Russian feeling, too intransigent. Thus Fascism, or something near it, becomes a pleasing badge; and the modern undergraduate is not deterred by the vision of whip-swinging thugs, which was so sharp to us. (For example, few have ever heard of Mosley's Olympia meeting.) Conversely, he is not excited by that mirage of irrigated fields and brilliant schools, of an imminent renascence of democracy and culture, which lured members of my generation to Spanish battlefields. There are to-day no such excitements; no equivalent force tugging at the emotions. Even poetry, I was told, arouses but slight interest; a fact remarkable to the Eliot and Auden generations.

What one finds is a pragmatic view of life; a concentration on technicalities, an utilitarian bias towards qualifying oneself for a good job, rather than discussion ranging over vast issues. The philosophy of "Logical Positivism," which was first popularised in Oxford in 1935 through Professor F. J. Ayer's book, *Language, Truth and Logic*, is to-day very widely in vogue, with dons as well as undergraduates. Since the end of the war, Professor Ayer's book has in Oxford acquired almost the status of a philosophic Bible. A graduate, who has just won a brilliant First in philosophy, thus explained this to me:—

"Analytic and negative, it allows you not to be committed to any transcendent or metaphysical views. Dividing meaningful propositions into the empirical and the logical, it excludes value judgments (e.g., 'this picture is beautiful,' 'this action is good'). This suits the outlook of modern undergraduates, who don't want to be stirred up about possible deeper meanings."

In fact, you are liable to be told, if you probe into these "deeper meanings," that you are up against Language, Truth and Logic. Which, in Oxford to-day, are pretty serious things to find oneself up against.

There is, of course, no direct connection between Logical Positivism and Fascism. Yet an anti-æsthetic Philistinism is encouraged by it, since it reduces intellectual activity to a kind of artisanship, in which one either has "skill" or hasn't. And I would make this point, that a climate of opinion, in which a negative and rather arid philosophy of this type can rise to such pre-eminence is one more likely to favour Fascism than not; since Fascism steps into the vacuum left by an abeyance of concern with fundamental human values.

One becomes strangely conscious of this vacuum in Oxford, despite the intelligent conversation, the civilised interests, and a great flowering of charming escapist pleasure. It is indeed a charming and gay and civilised place to visit; but a little worrying, too, to anyone who may remember other things which once mattered to it.

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The Arts and Entertainment

NEW MUSIC IN AMSTERDAM

One major disappointment marked the 22nd Festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music at Amsterdam. For the first time in its history, the Society had chosen for performance an opera: a full-scale three-act version of Sheridan's *Duenna* composed by Roberto Gerhard, the expatriate Spaniard who has made his home in England and whose gifts are still too little known. For reasons regarding which there are conflicting accounts beyond the power of an outsider to unravel, the Amsterdam production fell through, so that we must now wait for a promised B.B.C. concert performance in the autumn. A minor *contretemps* was provided by the French delegation: justly incensed about a sudden change of date which resulted in Roger Desormière being unable to conduct their principal contribution (a symphonic suite by Jean-Louis Martinet), they took the rather childish revenge of withdrawing also the only other French work, Charles Koechlin's *Primavera* for harp, flute and strings. This manœuvre, rather too reminiscent of Lake Success, was apparently executed over the head of the composer, although he happens to be President of the French section; at any rate, the absence of his *Primavera* was rendered all the more conspicuous by the attendance at the Festival of the eighty-year-old Monsieur Koechlin himself, easily the most picturesque and patriarchal figure to be seen in all Amsterdam.

The presence of a French element in the programmes was greatly missed: the element of clarity, lightness, concision and simplicity. Curiously enough, the work most conspicuous for such Gallic virtues came all the way from Australia: a modest and charming *Concertino da Camera* by Peggy Glanville-Hicks. In general, the Festival seemed dominated by the still powerful influence of the great Teutonic tradition in decline. Germany, though readmitted into the Society, was not directly represented; but there were abundant specimens (from Austria, from Hungary, from Switzerland and from Norway) of that long-winded, pedantic, laborious and abstruse style of writing which remains recognisably "Mitropa" despite variations of harmonic practice: the kind of style which earns a young composer the coveted epithet of "ernst." By an unfortunate miscalculation of the jury, two such works, both very long, appeared in a single chamber-music programme: a Piano Trio by the Norwegian Klaus Egge, which was surely unworthy of an international audience, and a cycle of Michelangelo poems (in Rilke's translation) for baritone and string quartet by a Swiss cellist named Richard Sturzenegger. This latter work displayed a stupefying lack of *savoir faire*: obdurately monotonous in texture, tempo and dynamics, severely unvocal, with scarcely a bar's rest for the instruments from end to end, its only surprise was provided by a *bouche fermée* passage for the soloist: Michelangelo humming! By contrast, the brilliant sound of Hans Henkemans's two-piano Sonata was doubly welcome; it is certainly a very able and effective work, admirably laid out for the medium and dashingly performed by the Dutch composer and a colleague. The same concert included Humphrey Searle's *Put away the flutes*, a setting for tenor and six instruments of a vivid poem by W. R. Rodgers, to which I cannot feel that the music adds very much, the translation of the poet's images into musical symbolism being often of an obvious and too easily predictable kind. England was also represented by a Horn Concerto of Elisabeth Lutyens, slight in content but quite the most likeable work of this composer which I have yet heard. All the same, England might well have been more strongly represented than by these two works. A second hearing last week, over the air, of Lennox Berkeley's *Stabat Mater* enormously increased my respect for this work, which contains passages of an Italianate, almost sculptural, power and expressiveness beyond anything else he has done; I understand that it was submitted for Amsterdam, but turned down because it could not be fitted into any of the specified categories—a strange explanation, since the resources for which it calls are far more modest than those employed by the *Stabat Mater* of Szymanowski, which was given at the I.S.C.M. Festival of 1930.

Certain American universities have a horrible custom of selecting, year by year, "the student most likely to succeed." If I were a music publisher or an impresario, compelled to think along such severely practical lines, I should keep an eye on the work of two men: Julian Bautista, a Spaniard living in the Argentine, whose Four Galician Poems handled the Spanish national idiom with charm and freshness, and also (alone in the whole Festival) showed a genuine feeling for the human voice; and a young Dutch composer, about contemporary with Benjamin Britten, named Rudolf Escher. The latter's *Musique pour l'esprit en deuil*, written for a very large orchestra during the dark days of the German occupation, has in it the elements of wide success; its opening and closing sections reveal a rich vein of post-romantic eloquence, and if the central episode suggests the barbarism of war by a rather too literal use of side drum and martial rhythms, that is not the kind of fault a popular audience minds. An elaborate Concerto for Orchestra by the Belgian Raymond Chevreuille began in a distinguished and expressive style, but lapsed in the last two movements into short-winded rhythmical trivialities. In one of his pregnant asides, Sibelius remarked that the great mistake of modern composers was their excessive faith in counterpoint; to which we should perhaps add, an excessive faith in rhythm. Rhythms got so sluggish and square in 19th century Germany that the innovations of Russia, Spain and Hungary came at first as a valuable and stimulating shock; but the shock has worn off, and there are now few forms of musical excitement which pall more quickly than those jagged, pounding, semi-barbaric figures popularised by Stravinsky and Bartok; at any I.S.C.M. Festival one learns to dread such headings as *Allegro energico e ritmico*.

The most striking and original contributions to the Amsterdam Festival came from Poland, and I am inclined to think that, on repetition, they would also establish themselves as the most deeply musical. Artur Malawski's *Etudes Symphoniques* for piano and orchestra, written in a polyphonic and more or less atonal style, made the impression of a considerable imaginative power under strict formal control; at a first hearing without a score, this can be little more than an impression, but no one could reasonably dispute the brilliance and clarity of the piano and orchestral writing. At the very end of the Festival, during the single concert given at the Scheveningen Kurhaus, one absolutely novel and exciting experience came our way: a Lullaby for 29 strings and two harps by Andrzej Panufnik, a Polish composer born in 1914. The good Saturday-night Dutch *abonnés* were greatly scandalised at this music, because it contains quarter-tones; but the difficulty it presents is really superficial, because they are used not structurally but only decoratively. The piece is fundamentally diatonic, in A major, the A major of the *Lohengrin* Prelude, to which it bears a certain odd resemblance in lay-out. A slow and beautiful folk-tune is passed gently downwards from the violins in their very highest register to the violas and cellos, while the two harps tick the seconds away in single equally-spaced notes, and all around there is woven an extraordinary lacy coverlet of descending quarter-tones. The sheer sound, never rising above a *pianissimo*, was magical; we seemed to be watching in a trance the slow dissolution of an icicle, from which, as it trickled into nothingness, glints of phosphorescent colour were continually refracted. Highly picturesque music, of course; a listener who happened to remain impervious to its spell would dismiss it as mere "effect-music" *à la Disney*. Certainly this seven-minute Lullaby gives one little chance to estimate Panufnik's powers in general (he has written much symphonic music which I am curious to hear); but its magically concentrated and glassy stillness produced in me (if you will forgive a personal confession) that curious shiver of pleasure along the spine which is the last thing one expects at such a Festival. The spine is doubtless an unreliable judge of aesthetic value, but its spontaneous intimations are so rare that it is never wise to disregard them altogether.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

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THE MOVIES

"Gentleman's Agreement," at the Leicester Square.

"Sitting Pretty," at the Gaumont.

The main point of *Gentleman's Agreement* is the perfectly sound one that anti-Semitism is dangerous, not only in its extreme forms, but in the residue that continues to influence minds of "nice people." We reach that point after two hours of serious entertainment and of handling with kid gloves.

Mr. Gregory Peck is a brilliant young journalist who takes the assignment of a magazine series on Anti-Semitism; he must, in the words of his editor, "break open the subject," be humane, compelling, etc., and decides to seek inspiration by passing himself off as a Jew for six months. He meets Miss Dorothy McGuire, his Editor's niece, falls in love with her, tells her his angle, gets engaged, and enters on the exploratory six months. The hotel where he means to spend his honeymoon adopts a "restrictive" attitude, and his ten-year-old son (by earlier marriage) comes back from school weeping because he has been taunted with being a Jew. (This boy, by the way, despite appearances, is surprisingly innocent: the whole Jewish "question" comes as a surprise when it is explained to him, and to us, early in the film.) Worse, Miss McGuire doesn't show herself as actively anti-Anti-Semite as the crusading Mr. Peck would like. They run into chilly silences, argumentative snags. Isn't she one of those "nice people" referred to above? It takes some tact from the friends of both parties, after the six months are up and the articles have been a raging success, to bring them together. They end on a kiss, as have so many others. They will face Anti-Semitism with brave hearts.

Now this is all very well intentioned, persuasive, leisurely, warmly acted, and ably directed by Mr. Elia Kazan who knows what he's about. And it may be that its sentimental side-tracking of a difficult subject will carry more weight than would sterner treatment. For it must be pointed out at once that the only hard words in the film are applied to Gentiles and to such Jews as side with them; one real Jewish problem—that they like to have it both ways, to keep their own racial identity while sharing their neighbours' privileges—is never so much as hinted at. The film even argues that there is no difference between a Jew and a Methodist except that they attend different places of worship. More than twenty-five years have passed since Galsworthy dramatised the theme in *Loyalties*, and it can't be said that *Gentleman's Agreement* shows a quarter of the same realism or insight. While willing to admit the events have changed hideously for the worse since then, I still do not think this film has earned its plaudits.

There have been so few funny films in recent years that I found myself enjoying *Sitting Pretty* extravagantly. It is the American equivalent of Aldwych farce, and in Mr. Clifton Webb provides a comedian whose asperities constantly give the appearance of wit. He answers an advertisement for a baby-sitter (or suburban nurse-maid), accomplishes this task with a magnificent distaste, and writes a satirical best-seller which brings the whole town about his ears. Mr. Robert Young and Miss Maureen O'Hara pleasantly assist.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

"... The English are a religious and a merry people. Their holy day, which they call Sunday, they spend in listening to religious services, singing hymns, and laughing at professional comedians. For the masses, who may be considered to compose the audiences of the Home Service and the Light Programme, there is worship at the hours of 9.30 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 7.45 p.m., 9 p.m., 10.30 p.m. and 10.45 p.m. But their religion is not confined to Sunday. For the majority of the English the working day begins with devotional meditation, called *Lift Up Your Hearts!* followed by the *Daily Service* three hours later. The educated classes alone are exempt from these daily obligations; from the evidence of the wireless programmes provided for them, their acts of worship consist of listening to recitals of religious music of a considerably higher aesthetic standard than the hymns which the masses sing and of listening to philosophical speculations on the nature of religion. It may be noted that the educated classes do not appear to require the ministrations of professional comedians ...." So a member of the radio monitoring system of Mars might report to his superiors. Doubtless, erroneous conclusions about the nature and tastes of the English might be reached by anyone who had only B.B.C. programmes to guide him, but none quite so erroneous as this. The B.B.C., of course, merely reflects the situation of the times. The number of professing Christians is much less than it was a century ago, but atheists are no longer militant, unless they are Marxists, and Rationalism as a dynamic force is dead. As the famous debate between Father Coppleston and Bertrand Russell made clear, professed Christians and professed non-Christians no longer speak the same language; communication between them is almost impossible; and in a way, this is made even clearer by the often admirable Christian brains trust, *Thinking Aloud*, staged weekly by West Region, to which the non-believer listens with the same kind of only half-comprehending fascination with which one listens to other people's "shop." When the B.B.C. announced its new policy of allowing religious freedom on the air, one had hoped from time to time to hear unbelievers, and not necessarily always in conjunction with Christians who must at least appear to be trying to convert them. There are any number of distinguished men in scholarship, the arts and the sciences who, without being atheists, certainly would not consider themselves Christian. We hear them very rarely, so rarely that the Martian monitor would scarcely be able to deduce their existence from B.B.C. programmes.

Meanwhile, we must be grateful for what religious discussion we get, last week's *Spiritualism*, for instance, unsatisfactory as it was. Two entirely different issues were confused, the religious and the scientific. Discussion between Mr. Vigurs, of the Spiritualists' National Union, and Canon Knight alone, or between Mr. Vigurs and Dr. Dingwall alone, might have been fruitful; but the three together produced a chaotic programme, for Canon Knight was concerned with unravelling the nature of the spiritualist's belief, to discover whether it was or was not Christian, whereas Dr. Dingwall was concerned with ascertaining the proofs for spiritualism, and one felt that he might just as well have gone for Canon Knight as he did for Mr. Vigurs.

The best light entertainment we have had for many weeks was the broadcast of the debate in the Oxford Union. For most listeners it must have been a wholly new kind of entertainment. The motion was not important; at any rate it was not taken seriously. And much of the charm of the programme came precisely from this; one wasn't being got at, nobody was attempting to persuade or to convert. It was in a way an exercise in burlesque; it was fun for its own sake. One sympathised with the visiting American team; in that atmosphere of formalised irresponsibility they were at a hopeless disadvantage.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE THEATRE

"Crime Passionel," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

Carmen Amaya, at Prince's

"A La Carte," at the Savoy

The new Sartre is the most exciting play that has come my way in nine months: and the Company of Four's production is brilliantly cast in the major roles and brilliantly acted. Sartre is now generally recognised as an enormously effective craftsman in the theatre, but many people are, reasonably enough, put off by the persistent picking over of the haircombings of squalor which has seemed to be inseparable from his outlook. *Crime Passionel*, however, is quite free from this streak. Its framework is politics: its subject the springs of choice. A young intellectual, a member of the Proletarian Party and a political purist, has asked for and been given by a dissident group the assignment of assassinating the leader of the party. For this purpose they have planted him as secretary to the leader, Hoederer, and the play takes place in Hoederer's villa to which the young man has just come with his wife. Fiercely as he feels that Hoederer by his new line is corrupting the revolutionary ideals of the party, the young man cannot find in this political conviction the passion to set off the springs of action. He hovers and hesitates, procrastinates and puts off, all the time growing more devoted to Hoederer as a man. This bluff adult lower middle-class liberal has soon sized up the young man and likes him enough to try, at great risk to himself, to save the young idiot from his self-destructive fit. The humanism of this should, I feel, have been emphasised a little more sharply in the production; it is the core of the play. For when, shortly afterwards, the young man finds Hoederer making a pass at his wife, it is not sexual jealousy but the sense of being let down by a man he has come to love that releases the capacity to carry out his assignment.

This central story is enclosed in rather a complicated political pod—the discovery that two years of history will make the assassination otiose. The party line in that interval will have swung round to the Hoederer point of view and yesterday's traitor will turn out to be to-day's hero. This part of the play assumes a certain political literacy in the audience which may prevent *Crime Passionel* having the success it deserves in the centre of London. For this reason I strongly recommend a visit to Hammersmith now.

The three brilliant principals of this piece are Mr. Roger Livesey as Hoederer, Mr. Michael Gough as the young man, and Miss Joyce Redman as his wife. Mr. Livesey's acting seems to me a most exceptional piece of work. From the moment when he walks in we seem to see the whole man; it is all there in his grunt and chuckle, the set of his shoulders, the cigarette he rolls, his intonations, his accent, his bear-like shamble. Mr. Michael Gough played the long, difficult part of the neuropathic young man with passion and variety. A most difficult type for the English to take, this; but Mr. Gough effectively got it over. His young wife is an undeveloped creature alternating between a childish make-believe and a cat-like letchery. Miss Joyce Redman's rendering of this ambivalence was in the highest class.

There is space only to powerfully recommend Carmen Amayo's *flamenco* dancers at the Prince's. By comparison with the composed brilliance of Miss Dunham's Indians, this troupe seem to be passionately improvising, although Teresa and Luisillo are less uncompromising, with an elegance nearer our tradition. But the whole evening pulses with a dramatic force which gives life for the next forty-eight hours a new feel. Not to be missed.

The Baddeley-Kendal little revue at the Savoy is a mild disappointment. Yes, Miss Baddeley is wonderfully funny in a variety of predicaments from Red India to Congreve: the decor is pretty; there are some pleasant things. But whether the theatre is too large or the pattern of little revue has suddenly gone stale on us, *A la carte* somehow misses the fizz and élan of some of its predecessors.

T. C. WORSLEY

ROUND THE GALLERIES

A SHOW of Picasso, Borès and Miro at the *Zwemmer Gallery* is unfortunately nearly over. I mention it because no one should miss the two large Picasso portraits, Number 1, *Femme au Chignon*, 1909, and Number 4, *Femme dans un Fauteuil*, 1932. The earlier one is a Cubist masterpiece of immense grandeur: Picasso was never nearer to Cézanne than here, in his Cubist portraits of 1908-9. Indeed such plastic genius, such pure plastic force as these portraits display was never again equalled—not even by Picasso himself. For the last forty years he has been engrossed in extending the frontiers of artistic consciousness, and his achievement in subjecting outlying areas of the mind to æsthetic cultivation is of everlasting significance. But looking again at the monumental forms of this Cubist portrait, rendered with such light, sure strokes, one wonders if this great artist has not neglected the pure painting for which he is so supremely gifted. This picture ought, of course, to be in the Tate. As it is, the nation does not own a single Cubist portrait or still life of this period by either Braque or Picasso. Courtauld rendered an immense service: but he ended with Bonnard. Who is going to give us our representative collection of Twentieth Century masters—Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Derain, Gris? These artists are hardly represented at all in our public collections.

At *Gimpel Fils*, Jankel Adler is showing gouache and some large oil paintings. Those who have been impressed by Colquhoun and MacBryde should make a point of seeing these pictures, for Adler's influence on the two young Scots was very great. Colquhoun shows this influence most, having borrowed not only methods of manufacturing particular textures, but a method of drawing, as well. Most forms are indicated in Adler, as in Colquhoun, by a surrounding line, even in thickness, and of little nervous expressiveness. These thick outlines loop in and out, up and down, chopping up the human figure, or the table and the lamp, and creating triangular or oblong units which are usually rounded at the corners. Flat colour of ingenious texture fills these shapes from outline to outline: no relief (in the form of really expressive brushwork) is allowed: the picture, we are all too aware, is *composed*; and what we do not find in its all too-solid carpentry we shall not receive at all—namely, the quality of immediacy of vision. These pictures have too much in the way of a common denominator: they suggest a certain artistic mass-production. Number 7, *Still life with lamp*, is much more lively than the rest: the flat white behind the lamp has a suggestion of space and air I have so far missed altogether in Adler.

The loan exhibition of Vuillard at *Wildenstein's* is easy enough to enjoy: here indeed is a modern artist of great distinction who yet presents no "difficulties." Perhaps there are too many of the society portraits; *Mme Leopold Marchand*, 1931, is all over the place as a composition, and the lamp's golden glow is, like so much in Vuillard, too literal. He often spoilt his complicated designs by suddenly succumbing to the facts before him: we often see a single perspective rendered literally. In the midst of a design in which all the data of the eye has been successfully transformed into the flat shapes and smears of the paint, such an isolated breakaway into photographic accuracy is most distressing. It is for rendering depth in terms of *chic* flatness that we particularly admire Vuillard. His occasional inability to make a broad underlying movement assert itself *through* all the wealth of observed detail was his limitation. His friend, Pierre Bonnard, never failed in this: a much greater painter, Bonnard invariably made his subjects bend into agreement with the abstract rhythms upon which his canvasses were based.

At the *Leicester Galleries*, Louis le Brocquy's paintings of figures in landscape deserve careful attention. This artist's handling is extremely spirited and his power of spontaneous statement of form in terms of triangular facets is certainly exciting. But as yet these triangular planes of his are too indiscriminately alike; too little influenced by the particular forms they describe.

PATRICK HERON

Correspondence

STEEL NATIONALISATION

SIR,—I have read with interest Professor Cole's pamphlet on "Why Nationalise Steel?" It is disappointing, however, to find that he primarily bases his argument on a one-sided interpretation of the history of the inter-war period, blaming the industry of the violent fluctuations in demand and the under-employment of steel capacity which was so frequently experienced both in this country and abroad.

Even more serious in a publication which ostensibly gives a factual review of the industry is the omission of any real discussion of the developments in its organisation over the past ten years. For example, the pamphlet makes no reference to the establishment by the present Government in 1946 of the Iron and Steel Board. This public Board includes representatives of the Treasury, steel consumers, managements and the iron and steel trade unions, and is responsible to the Minister of Supply for prices, production and future development in the industry. The absence of any recognition of the functioning of this Board and of the experience gained in public control of industry is particularly surprising in view of Professor Cole's own emphasis in earlier publications on the importance of control rather than ownership as the vital factor in Socialist policy. Indeed, in *The Next Ten Years of British Social and Economic Policy*, he says:—

> . . . the question of socialisation is primarily one not of ownership, but of control. Let the State control the nation's industries and it need not care who owns them . . .

Since Professor Cole expressed these views they have been echoed in January this year in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by Mr. Crossman, M.P.

> Generalisations about public ownership are good enough for Socialists in Opposition. But Socialist theory to-day requires an objective critique of nationalisation by Act of Parliament, and an open-minded inquiry into less cumbersome methods of State planning which may combine public control with more effective incentives to industrial efficiency.

Overlooking the progressive development in just such control in the steel industry, initiated before the war, strengthened during the war and established under a public Board by the present Government, Professor Cole proceeds to base his case on the supposed monopoly price fixing by the industry itself and on the formulation of a development plan on a scale which, in his view, is contrary to national requirements. The first point clearly ignores the fact that prices are fixed by the Government. As to the principles of price fixing he says that "so long as the firms are in private hands prices must be fixed to give a profit, even to the least efficient producer, whereas a public concern, of course, could average costs and thus reduce prices at once, not to the full extent that would be possible when the old plant went out of use, but in proportion to the relative outputs produced at high and low cost." In fact, the principles of price fixing which Professor Cole envisages for a public concern are those already followed by the present Board in establishing maximum prices for the existing firms. This frequently leaves the less efficient plant working at a loss, with the resulting pressure either to improve efficiency or to go out of production.

Professor Cole then suggests that the industry should be planned for 26 million tons of capacity rather than 16 million tons envisaged in the industry's development plan covering the work to be put in hand during the first five years after the war. Mr. Morrison in the House on May 28th, 1946, said that the Government regarded the plan as valuable and broadly right. It may be desirable to make adjustments in the scale of the plan during its execution; and, should production of more than 16 million tons be required, a variation of from one to two million tons would not present any real difficulty, even within the period of the initial plan.

Professor Cole appears to recognise that 26 million tons is in any case impracticable, at least for an initial plan, because of the vast claims it would make on labour, materials and machinery. There are also the difficulties in expanding coking coal supplies even on a basis to keep pace with the present growth of output. His real desire for the much larger outputs is primarily to increase exports. Nevertheless, exports of machinery, vehicles and other products based on steel, which form the really high-valued element in steel exports, are already running at approximately 100 per cent. over pre-war, with the major benefits from the present plan still to be realised. As the Government has certainly not suggested that capacity of anything approaching 26 million tons is desirable or should be aimed at, it certainly seems a little irrelevant to use the supposed need for such a capacity as a reason for nationalising the industry.

Regarding organisation, Professor Cole has little specific change to suggest except that he emphasises that a nationalised industry would set up centralised research. He completely ignores the fact that the iron and steel industry has set up a central research organisation which is the largest industrial research organisation in the country, and is working closely, as required by Professor Cole, with the National

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Physical Laboratory, the British Standards Institute and, of course, with the Universities and Research Departments of individual firms and other industries.

It would be tedious to point out other aspects of Professor Cole's pamphlet which suggest that he is seriously out of touch with the present position. The most serious omission, however, is any real discussion of whether the present public control of the iron and steel industry is not an experiment in the field of industrial organisation which should, at the very least, be watched closely over the next few years to see whether it does not throw light on the crucial question of proper balance between centralised determination of policy and de-centralised responsibility of management. To abandon this experiment when it is giving good results in forward planning, in price control and in high current output, would seem a wanton omission to take advantage of outstandingly valuable experience in the field of public control of industry.
ROBERT SHONE

Reform Club, S.W.1.

[Prof. Cole writes in reply to Mr. Shone:—

1. I did not mention the Committee set up in 1946 because I regarded it as essentially an *interim* body pending nationalisation—which the Government clearly meant it to be.

2. Mr. Shone quotes from a book of mine written nearly twenty years ago. He will find (*Next Ten Years*, p. 152) that I there advocated a form of "progressive socialisation" of the steel industry under a Control Commission with power to acquire firms, or shares in firms, under a National Investment Board. This is quite different from control without any element of public ownership. I now wish to go rather further in face of the greatly changed circumstances; but I still believe in acquiring firms, or shares in firms, as the best method. That is what I said in my pamphlet.

3. I deny that the pricing policy I advocate, based on averaging costs, is already in practice under the Control Board. I know that some very high-cost products are sold under cost; but this is not at all the same. With separate firms working at widely different cost levels it is impracticable to bring prices down to the average without either bankrupting firms that cannot be spared or paying out subsidies which would destroy all incentives to efficiency for large sections of the industry.

4. Of course, 26 million tons is an impracticable target for 1953. I said so. My point was that the industry's plan of 1946 fell far short of what is needed, and that, however much steel we set out to produce, we cannot possibly produce enough to meet fully both the home and the export demand, swollen as they are by the need for extensive reconstruction at home and for greatly increased exports. There is, however, a very great danger that the industry under private ownership may set its target too low, as it did in 1946.

5. As for research, Mr. Shone and I agree about the need for it; but I want it (and development arising from it) to be governed by national and not by profit-making considerations. Similarly, I agree about the need for centralised control of policy with decentralised management. I said so. But, here again, I want control of policy to be definitely in public hands.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FORCED LABOUR IN RUSSIA

SIR,—In your issue of June 19th, Mr. Alexander Werth refers to the Soviet deportations from the "rebel" Baltic States in a particularly misleading manner, suggesting that they were just a clean-up of pro-Nazi elements. Yet if he knows anything at all, e.g., about my own native country, Estonia, then he should know how deep-rooted its anti-German traditions are. He should know that the Estonians had for many centuries suffered the worst kind of oppression at the hands of Baltic German landowners whose ancestors had occupied their country after a series of particularly brutal wars of aggression, and that the whole Estonian struggle for freedom—often in armed rebellion—was, until quite recently, essentially a struggle against German despotism. This attitude was attested by *Pravda* itself on May 28, 1940—after nine months' functioning of the Russo-Estonian so-called Mutual Assistance Pact—in an article entitled "Anti-German feelings in Estonia," in which my people were roundly accused of their "hatred of Germany and everything German."

As for the number and type of people deported from Estonia to the remote regions of Russia in the summer of 1941, the following figures may be found to be instructive. The total of deportees whose identity has been ascertained was 59,579, including 24,446 urban workers and wage-earners and 15,042 peasants (all medium and small holders) and business people (who were at best well-to-do by western standards), as well as, in addition, civil servants and white-collar workers with their families. 9,229 of them were minors, a large proportion women, and many of them septuagenarians and older. This was the beginning of a far more extensive scheme of depopulation concerning which documents were left behind by the N.K.V.D. during the subsequent precipitate retreat of the Russians. These plans are being carried out at present. According to an announcement of the Soviet-controlled Tallinn broadcasting station on May 14, 1946, the population of Estonia had by then decreased by a quarter, i.e., just under 300,000. Some of these people—according to the latest verified figures about 70,000—succeeded in fleeing westwards in 1944, perhaps 10,000 were killed by the Germans, several thousands became war casualties in different ways, e.g., through Soviet air-raids, but the great majority must be put to the account of the Russian authorities. All reports by people still escaping from Estonia to the West speak with a frightening monotony of continued ceaseless transportation eastwards as well as of an equally ceaseless influx of Russians. Yet Mr. Werth airily refers to "a few more Balts" being among those who form "the present reservoir of 'forced labour'" of the Soviet Union.

That this forced labour is inhuman indeed and that the mortality in the labour camps is appalling is insisted by all those who by various routes—e.g., by way of India and the Far East—have escaped from those camps. The adduced figures, which all refer to a small country with a population of less than 1,200,000, should give some idea of the scale on which people are being deported from the Soviet-occupied regions.
ANTS ORAS

28 Donnington Lane, Oxford.

SIR,—Your readers will be grateful for Mr. Werth's sane and objective contribution to the controversy about forced labour in Russia. Tsarism and the Soviet régime have both used convict labour but in Russia political security, not economic expediency, has always been the driving force behind the exile system.

While the Soviet Government withholds the true figures, no one can be surprised at attempts to calculate from indirect evidence the numbers of those employed on forced labour, but it is better not to take the results of these calculations very seriously. We do not know the truth.

Mr. Werth's upper limit of 1½ to 2 million is as good as any other guess but is not, I take it, intended to include the countless exiles who have been settled as agricultural workers in distant provinces during the great upheavals of the last twenty years. But whatever the figures, they can hardly be as low as they were in the Tsarist days. And whatever reasons there may be—and, of course, there are reasons—that is hardly good enough thirty years after the great October revolution.
JOHN LAWRENCE

24 St. Leonards Terrace, S.W.3.

PRISON LIBRARIES

SIR,—I am all for criticising prisons and harrying the Commissioners, but there is so much to find fault with that it is a pity not to keep our criticism up to date. During the past few months I have been through a dozen or more prisons and in none of them would A.J.L.'s criticisms be even remotely justified. During the war prison libraries suffered badly, but progress has been great. I can only speak

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PROGRESS DESPITE DIFFICULTIES

THE twenty-eighth annual general meeting of Odhams Press, Limited, was held on Friday, June 18, in London.

Mr. Arthur G. Cousins, C.B.E., the chairman, in the course of his speech said that the trading profit of Odhams Press, Ltd., was £1,043,874 and the dividends and interest receivable from subsidiary companies and other investments was up by £9,000 and there was a net profit of £968,082 as against the previous year's profit of £963,495.

The chairman said he was sure that stockholders were proud of the success of the newspapers, periodicals and other publications for which they were responsible and the total profits they brought in. The consolidated accounts showed that the gross revenue received during the year was £12,637,275 as against £11,208,270 for the year 1946. It gave stockholders an opportunity to appreciate that the House of Odhams and its subsidiaries had made some progress during the past year notwithstanding the difficulties.

The House of Odhams was organised on a broad basis. They had with their subsidiary companies some of the most up-to-date printing machinery in the world, and in that respect he particularly referred to the high-speed colour printing machinery at Watford, owned by their subsidiary company, Odhams (Watford), Ltd. They had a large outside poster and advertising organisation. They ranked amongst the largest book publishers in the country. They owned newspapers and periodicals with a total circulation of over 22 million copies printed and published by them each week.

The report was adopted.

of those I visited, but all of them showed a remarkable recovery.

The main supply of books now comes from the local municipal library. On the door of Strangeways prison library was the notice "Branch of the Manchester City Library." As to the librarians, obviously a Governor must have regard to the reliability of a prisoner who has so much freedom, and so little oversight; but it was also clear that they were chosen from among the best educated men in the prison. In one case, both librarians had been schoolmasters.

Pride in their work was very general and in many cases the indexing and carding were beautifully done.

If a prisoner requires technical books for study, they are obtained specially from the municipal library, and in one cell I saw two books on building construction, obviously brand new. Nor are books sent to prisoners always doled out one at a time, for I saw in another cell in a different prison a very creditable collection of poetic anthologies.

For prisoners on stage in one or two prisons the open-access system obtained; though the cramped accommodation generally made it impossible. In Leicester the Governor, in addition to ordinary prison visitors, has appointed two library visitors, whose job is to talk to and advise prisoners about their reading. He had copied this excellent idea from Bedford Prison. I only hope these visitors are not as prejudiced against detective tales as A.J.L. seems to be.

It is not true that daily papers are prohibited. They are taken regularly in some prisons for men on stage, and in one prison at least the *Daily Worker* is included.

"It is nonsense," says A.J.L., "to argue that prisoners destroy and mutilate books . . . severe punishment would soon put an end to that offence." Why then, do librarians spend so much time in repairs and in "rubbing out obscene drawings and indecent comments." And has A.J.L. ever heard of the shortage of lavatory paper that seemed to have affected all prisons during the war?

Actually librarians very generally reported a great improvement in the care of books recently. I suspect that this is due to improved supplies of lavatory paper and also to the great influx of new clean books from the Municipal Libraries.

I do not wish to suggest that prisons are hives of academic learning. Nor am I questioning the accuracy of A.J.L.'s description of the library he knew. It is a pity he did not name the prison, for publicity is a healthy thing. But Governors and Commissioners are only human beings, wrestling with a very difficult task, and recognition of achievement can on occasion be just as stimulating as kicking. **George Benson**

House of Commons, S.W.1.

BUILDING COSTS

Sir,—The letter from Mr. D. F. J. Parsons in your issue of June 12th appears to call for a reply. His letter is mainly interesting for the fact that he repeats, without reflection or examination, the Simon Committee's light-hearted charges of monopolistic practices by Builders' Merchants. That these charges are somewhat unadvised is emphasised by the fact that in Chapter 1 of the Report the Committee refers to 150 different categories of materials used in building, but is only able to list 91 Producers' Associations (which they do in Appendix II) and then can only point to six of these which operate a merchants' price maintenance agreement (in one case incorrectly). The plain fact is that a large proportion of the components handled by Builders' Merchants are sold in free competition between merchant and merchant. There would be no difficulty in giving a long list of these but to save space and at the same time to oblige Mr. Parsons I mention six taken at random:—

Porcelain enamel baths, both cast iron and steel.
Earthenware lavatory basins and W.C. pans.
Flushing cisterns, both cast iron and aluminium.
Taps and plumbers' fittings generally.
Door locks and latches.
Casement stays and fasteners and builders' ironmongery generally.

Regarding Builders' Merchants profits, Mr. Parsons seems inclined to question the integrity of this Council's Chartered Accountants, even when they were working in collaboration with the Ministry's Accountants, so let us go back to the Report. Mr. Parsons appears to accept as trustingly as the Simon Committee, the Ministry of Works statement that

> the average turnover may be fairly taken to be four times the capital employed

although figures given on page 61 of the Report indicate that on the average the 2,000 merchants shown turn over their *stocks* only three times a year, which means that an amount equal to one-third of the amount of turnover is locked up in stock.

Stock, however, is not the only large item of capital employed. Builders' Merchants, like other traders, have to give a considerable amount of credit to their customers. In paragraph 23 the Report mentions sixteen weeks as normal in pre-war times. I would put the average to-day at about three months. This would indicate an amount equal to one-quarter of the amount of turnover locked up in book debts. To these items must be added figures for buildings, yards, plant, machinery, lorries, cars and other similar items, making the capital employed amount to well over one-half the amount of the turnover and consequently making the ratio of turnover to capital employed something less than 2 to 1.

Mr. Parsons cannot see how the table on page 94 contradicts the 4 to 1 ratio of turnover/capital employed. A comparison between the implication of the Ministry of Works' statement in paragraph 84 and Table V on page 94 should make this clear. If the four to one ratio were correct, the capital employed by the first four categories of merchants having turnovers of £10,000, £20,000, £30,000 and £40,000 would amount to £2,500, £5,000, £7,500 and and £10,000 respectively; and, if they turned over their stocks 3.15, 2.05, 2.30 and 1.32 times, as shown in the table, these stocks would amount to £3,175, £9,756, £13,043 and £26,316 respectively.

In other words, each of the first four categories of merchants, in addition to giving the customary credit, must hold a stock roughly double in value their capital employed. How they could manage such economic acrobatics is not made clear. Really, how can such a Report be taken seriously?

Dudley Prykes,
Chairman,
Distributors of Builders Supplies Joint Council

NAIL BITING

Sir,—From my own experience I know that the best psychiatric treatment *is* within reach of the poorest "problem child" in London, although it may be beyond the middle-class child whose parents—for snobbish or, possibly, other reasons—do not choose to take advantage of the educational and health facilities which they pay for in their rates.

My little boy attends an ordinary L.C.C. school. About eighteen months ago, when he was six years old, he seemed likely to develop into rather a neurotic child. On the suggestion of a medical friend (but without any "letter" or introduction) I got in touch with the Tavistock Clinic—by telephone.

I waited for about four months, and was then invited to take the boy there for examination. He was accepted for treatment and attended regularly for one hour every week, for about nine months. The treatment was in every way satisfactory, and didn't cost a farthing. We were not "means-tested"—the fact that he was an L.C.C. school-child in need of help was enough.

If Mr. Riemer could see my happy boy to-day he would certainly be "enlightened." V. C.

London, W.2.

MOTOR ACCIDENTS

Sir,—One can understand the sorrow of Critic and his village friends on the death of a neighbour, but it is not possible to pass without protest his comments on the affair. He is surprised that the non-motoring class tolerates the killing of 7,000 people annually by

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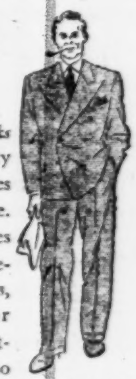

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motorists. The assumption is, then, that in each and every case the motorist is to blame. He goes on to say that a few motorists do not even stop to pick up the bodies of their victims. Without condoning such action, does it follow that the motorist concerned was necessarily to blame for the fatal accident? Cannot Critic, with the imagination, one might say the tenderness, he displays weekly for other oppressed minorities, use it for the motorist and envisage a situation where a quite innocent motorist, faced with a body in the roadway, would be seized by panic and go as far as possible from the scene?

70 Manilla Road, W. C. WOODWARD
Seily Park, Birmingham, 29.

[A comment on this and other letters received from motorists this week appears in the London Diary.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

YOUTH HOSTEL

SIR,—We wish to make an appeal through the medium of your paper for £5,500 to buy a 64-acre farm, Ledger Farm, High Halden, Kent, and to present it to the Youth Hostels Association.

Since 1944, Ledger Farm and the neighbouring Turks Head Farm have been used to give many hundreds of Y.H.A. members the opportunity of working on a farm during their holidays and week-ends. Turks Head Farm belongs to the Y.H.A. and is used as a hostel. Ledger Farm, however, belongs to the farmer and hostel warden, who now wishes to sell it; but the Association has not sufficient funds to buy it.

We are convinced that the limitation of this Y.H.A. Farm Scheme to one farm would cripple it, since Ledger Farm comprises two-thirds of the total property. Many young people who will want to spend their holidays there working on the farm would have to be turned away. This, we think, would represent a loss to British agriculture and to our national life.

The majority of the Association members who have worked on these farms have been townspeople. The work has been organised mainly on an educational basis and is unpaid; it includes instruction in dairy farming and talks by neighbouring farmers; young town-dwellers have thus had the opportunity to gain a real understanding of rural life and problems. We think that in a highly industrialised community like that of Great Britain a scheme that not only brings the townsman and countryman together but also gives the townsman an insight into agriculture is of no mean value.

In addition, the town-dwellers who work in the Farm Scheme are supplying labour for agriculture at a time when the shortage of labour for the land is acute, and when, as the Economic Survey, 1948, shows, the encouragement of British agriculture is vital for the nation's survival. Several members who were introduced to farming at High Halden are now doing full-time work on the land.

We appeal to those of your readers who sympathise with this project to help towards raising the £5,500.

Cheques or postal orders should be made out and sent to Ledger Farm Campaign Fund, Westminster Bank, Ltd., Southwark Branch, 8, Borough High Street, London, S.E.1. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary, 20, Hornsey Rise Gardens, London, N.19.

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NEVILL WHALL

TRADE UNIONISM IN MALAYA

SIR,—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION refers to the centuries-old Chinese Guilds and Secret Societies of which visiting trade unionists (to Malaya) are apt to know little.

I do not know whom the writer has in mind, but at any rate, I can assure him that some of us are willing to learn and that my colleague, Stan. Awbery, M.P., and I, who have recently completed an inquiry, at the request of the Colonial Secretary and the Malayan Governments, into trade union and labour conditions in Malaya, took special pains to inform ourselves on the subject. FRED W. DOLLEY

Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

SIR,—Mr. Sackville West, reviewing Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*, comes to the conclusion that Scobie, the hero, is meant to be "a kind of saint." As other critics have repeated this, and as it is important for Mr. Greene's reputation not to be thought to have written an heretical novel, perhaps you would allow me to state another view.

Scobie commits adultery, sacrilege, murder (indirectly), suicide in quick succession. In three of these cases he is well aware of what he is doing. Some of his reasons seem hardly adequate—for example, he takes communion in mortal sin because he can't bear to hurt his wife's feelings. This isn't the way a saint behaves, and the author makes it abundantly clear that Scobie's sense of pity is a weakness though, like Othello's jealousy, it is the overflow of a generous nature. "Pity smouldered like decay at his heart."

According to all the rules (accepted without argument by all Catholics, including Greene and Scobie himself) Scobie is bound for Hell, as he has deliberately denied God. These rules seem less rigid when one realises that though absolute on the human plane, they are not absolute for God himself. This is where Greene's favourite theme, "the appalling strangeness of the mercy of God" comes in. To assume, as Mrs. Scobie does, that Scobie will be damned is wrong because it takes no account of the unknown quantity of God's mercy. To assume, as Mr. Sackville West does, that Scobie will enter Heaven trailing clouds of glory is mere wishful thinking. You just don't know what's happening behind the curtain—but you can always hope and pray.

Does this make Scobie's tragedy less moving? Only if you expect the book to be something which it isn't. Greene writes of Henry James: "there is no possibility of a happy ending: this is surely what James tells us, not with the despairing larger-than-life gesture of a romantic novelist but with a kind of bitter precision." Mr. Sackville West requires the larger-than-life gesture: but Graham Greene is a classical novelist. WILLIAM GOODGER

The Gravel Pit, Chalfont St. Peter.

"NONSENSE ABOUT BURMA"

SIR,—Your comment under this heading does not seem to take into account the manifesto issued by Thakin Nu on May 26 and briefly summarised in a message published in *The Times* on May 27. Nor do you, perhaps, realise that the claims for compensation in respect of "denial" damage form the subject of a test case brought in the Burmese courts, not as a hostile action but to fulfil the requirements of legal procedure of which, it may be added, the Foreign Office is well aware, the course of action having actually been pressed by His Majesty's Government. In these circumstances it would be impossible to reply fully to your criticism without prejudging the issues involved.

EDWIN HAWARD,
Secretary, India-Burma Association

UNIVERSITY POPULATION

SIR,—Dr. Joad is incorrect in his statement that "only one Englishman in a thousand goes to a university at all." He has presumably divided the total population of about 50 million by the average pre-war university population of 50,000 to arrive at his figure. A moment's reflection should reveal the fallacy. In fact during the years 1936–38 in England and Wales, 2.02 per cent. of the surviving 18-year age group were admitted to universities. In Scotland the percentage was 3.75 over the same period.

With the current expansion of universities it seems likely that the percentage will rise to somewhere between 4–5 per cent.

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COLLINS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

At a recent meeting of Labour M.P.s, an excited critic of the Government remarked, "The Prime Minister is the nearest approach to a saint that we are likely to see in this place. We can't legislate on the assumption that his successor will be like him." What was striking was not merely the judgment itself, but the reception which is received, neither a guffaw nor ecstatic approval but the unemphatic acceptance of an obvious truth. It may be—indeed it often is—embarrassing to be led by a man impervious to circumstance, moved by none of the ambitions of the normal politician, and unable to show even a flicker of that self-dramatisation which is the accepted mainspring of popular leadership. But very slowly—and with occasional relapses—the Labour Party has accepted the fact that its politics revolve round a sun whose gravitational pull is just sufficient to keep a number of unruly planets in their courses and which achieves the miracle of dispensing light without heat.

The author of this interim biography* of the Prime Minister is Roy Jenkins, newly elected member for Southwark and son of Arthur Jenkins, Mr. Attlee's Parliamentary Private Secretary from 1936 to 1945. Mr. Jenkins had a difficult task. He is too young to have known by experience the events he chronicles, and he is too close to the Prime Minister to make an objective appraisal of his career. Very wisely, he has chosen to write the sort of biography which Mr. Attlee would have composed as his own autobiography, factual, discreet, but with an edge of sharp comment. The title itself is nicely chosen, not "Clem" and not even "Clement Attlee," but plain "Mr. Attlee." The style is neat, sometimes prim, but enlivened by a number of those acid observations which the Prime Minister uses in debate to puncture the inflated periods of a Churchillian oration.

Mr. Jenkins has found himself increasingly tongue-tied as the story progresses. He has nothing to say of the Premiership itself, and his record of the years after 1931 is little more than a sketch-history only enlivened by an account of the voting when Attlee defeated Morrison and Greenwood in 1936. But of the early life, culminating in the election to represent Limehouse in 1922, his account is full and candid. It is clear enough that when Mr. Attlee—as a result first of the 1931 debacle, and then of George Lansbury's attitude to the Abyssinian crisis—stepped into the leadership, his character had reached its full development. Some men grow into greatness, or reveal new and unexpected qualities when greatness is thrust upon them. But the Prime Minister of Britain and the Mayor of Stepney are precisely the same man. Mr. Attlee is uncorrupted by power because he is unaware of its temptations. If he never rises above himself, he never falls below. His ideas may be changed by changing conditions, but not his personality or the balance of his qualities and defects. These have remained unaltered since he chose, with more deliberation than any other British intellectual, to devote his life to the service of the Labour movement.

It is in the ideas of service and loyalty that Mr. Jenkins finds the key to his character, and the explanation for his success in retaining the leadership which seemed to fall to him by sheerest accident, and which he has held, although it has been coveted by men with far more of the qualities expected in a political leader. In most politicians, idealism and self-assertion, sincerity and play-acting are cunningly and sometimes hypocritically mingled. Even Mr. Gladstone was an egotist whose service to the cause of Liberalism was often a cloak for his ambitions. In Clement Attlee, the motive of service and the ideal of loyalty are dominant. He has indeed a morbid dislike of all the accessories which make a political career attractive to his colleagues—the gossip of the smoking room, the publicity of the press and platform, and the making of dramatic decisions. He loves the chores and detests the perquisites of power. During the war, so long as he was left to do the donkey-work in the Cabinet committees, he was actually relieved that Mr. Churchill earned all the Parliamentary ovations. At a public ceremony, when others almost unconsciously seek for prominence, he has a unique knack of remaining unnoticed even when he is given the most prominent position. Yet in the Cabinet, his control is firm. Himself a first-class administrator, he is merciless to the ill-briefed Minister. Only in moments—the crisis last summer was a notable example—when the leader must dramatise his leadership in order to lead is there a danger of a conspiracy to dethrone him. On such occasions, Mr. Attlee is not as simple as some men believe him to be. He has shown a notable skill at thwarting camarillas, chiefly by refusing to believe in the personal disloyalty which they imply. It is very difficult to dislodge a man who knows precisely what you are up to, but continues to treat you as a loyal Socialist comrade.

What does Mr. Attlee mean by Socialism and comradeship? "I was not converted by the logic of Karl Marx," he once observed. "Most of us become Socialists through our hearts first, and our heads afterwards. It was certainly so with me. I felt there was nothing in the world so worth the doing as to try to alter conditions." Commenting on this, Mr. Jenkins remarks, "He has what may be called a 'compartmentalised' make-up. His emotions are not weak, but his mind is remarkably free from their control." And he goes on to observe that Attlee was very slow to take the final plunge and join the Socialist Party because of "the weakness of his taste for iconoclasm."

> His sense of social injustice had to carry him the whole way; it was supported by no urge for self-expression which impelled him to break the bounds of conventional society; his actions were rarely dictated by the thought of the impression he might make, and there was, with him, no feeling that by his intellectual daring he might shock his smug and stupid relatives and so satisfy some half-hidden desire.
>
> There was nothing of the professional rebel about him. Unlike many middle-class Socialists, he was not a restless spirit, distrustful of the standards by which he was judged and resentful of all established authority. Middle-class society was not claustrophobic to him . . . it was a desire not to destroy his social background but to extend to all the benefits which he himself had enjoyed which impelled him. Some intellectuals with his background would have been Socialists because the life and the teaching and the code of behaviour at Haileybury College were insults to a sensitive boy; Attlee was a Socialist because it was to him scandalous that all could not enjoy the spacious playing-fields . . .

This admirable analysis occurs in a chapter headed *The Road to Damascus*. The title is not a cliché. Attlee, to use William James's phrase, belongs to the "twice-born." He did not develop steadily, but suffered a conversion which transferred his whole personality intact from one plane of activity to another, and gave to it a single all-embracing purpose. Brought up in a prosperous, strait-laced, upper middle-class home in the leafy village of Putney; taught his letters by a governess whose previous pupil had been Winston Churchill; educated in a conventional if unusually militaristic way at Haileybury, and then more liberally at University College, Oxford; destined for a humdrum career at the Bar, he began his adult life with an acute inferiority complex. His home and his education had taught him a strict Sabbatarian religion which he resented, and an ideal of social service which he dimly felt to be vitiated by class-condescension. At school he had been a miserable, undersized boy who loved games but could not excel; at Oxford, a fairly happy nonentity. At the Bar his shyness and modesty would doom him at the best to a life of conveyancing. How could he find a career in which his desire for service, fortified by his family tradition, could be subsumed to something better than keeping up Edwardian appearances? A chance visit, in the company of his brother, to the Haileybury Boys' Club in Stepney, provided the answer. With these boys he lost his shyness, and his inferiority complex was resolved in a group loyalty. As secretary of the club, living in a little room above it, he found happiness for the first time.

But, so far, this was merely a psychological adjustment, an escape from a personal problem. The full conversion came when Attlee discovered a way to transform "slumming" into a crusade by accepting the theory of Socialism and transferring his ideal of service from the world of middle-class values to the Labour movement. For seventeen years, broken only by his war service, he made East End Socialism his way of life; and learnt the politics of the soap-box and the council chamber.

A conversion of this sort does not entail a renunciation of previous values. At Oxford, Attlee had been a traditionalist and a conformist: in the Labour movement he has retained these characteristics. He values loyalty so highly that he finds it difficult to admit that it may be a form of place-seeking; and he is sometimes unjust in his assumption that nonconformity *must* have ulterior motives. He is neither a man of the Right, like Herbert Morrison, nor of the Left, like Aneurin Bevan, because his loyalty is to the Party rather than to ideas or principles. During the syndicalist and anti-war movement of the 1920s, he was interested in Guild-Socialism, drafted the I.L.P. programme and became a member of the No More War movement. When the Party swung violently Left after 1931, he swung with it as a member of the Socialist League. When it plunged into the confusion of advocating resistance to pacifism and opposing conscription, he faithfully reflected this confusion, refusing the opposite extremes of Dalton and Cripps.

This was not time-serving, as it would have been in a man of ambition. It arose from a sense that the movement as a whole must be right, and that the task of the middle-class convert is not to impose his ideas, but to express the highest common factor of agreement. Compared with Churchill or Lloyd George, Attlee is a rigid Party man. He could never break the party for the sake of a principle or a policy, because his life and thought proceed inside its limits. That is why he is the only intellectual who has never been accused by Trade Unionists of being an intellectual. Given a conflict between his own individual opinions, and the view of the movement, he believes conscientiously that the movement should win. He is an iconoclast in so far as Socialism means breaking the idols in the temple of Mammon; but when there is a danger to the unity of the Labour movement—as there generally is—his conformity is straitlaced.

It is not easy for anyone outside the Labour movement to appreciate the qualities of such a man, particularly since his virtues are displayed in private meetings, and his defects on the public platform. During the war Mr. Churchill treated him with studied condescension, unaware of the strength concealed by his readiness to do the donkey-work without complaint. Since then Attlee has had his revenge. Though he is a quiet man, he is neither mild nor forgiving. He hates the Tory unbeliever only less than the renegade MacDonaldite. He is not vain like Churchill, but he has the inner pride of the servant who knows that his cause is right. Those who suspect him of hankering after a National Government know nothing of his strength, which is a Party strength, and his defects, which are also Party defects.

Reading this biography, one is driven to the conclusion that Mr. Jenkins is right in his claim that there is less accident than is often assumed in Mr. Attlee's leadership of the Labour Party, certainly far less than in Churchill's leadership of the Tories. Those who stand for the *status quo* have an interest in unity; but the party of change is naturally divided against itself. To survive, it must create its own orthodoxy and its own tradition of loyalty; and no one personifies these better than the present Prime Minister.

R. H. S. Crossman

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* *Mr. Attlee.* By Roy Jenkins. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6*d.*

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JEWISH RESISTANCE

Blessed is the Match. By MARIE SYRKIN. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The civilised world—or, to beg no questions, the Allied world of the war years—stood aghast at the massacre of the European Jews by the Nazis; but, as Miss Syrkin is not the first to point out, it limited its sympathy to standing and little else. Why was it that the Allies did so little, even measured against what they could do, to help the Jews? Why was it that Britain, until December 1942, refused to let Jews who had escaped to neutral countries enter Palestine, with the known result that the Turks refused to let them land and turned them back to the continent of death?

The answer lies partly in power politics and military necessity, partly in civilian public opinion and a general failure of the imagination, from which Anglo-American Jewry was not exempt. Man, as well as God, helps those who help themselves. During the war and since, those nations which went down fighting, like Greece, or raised big internal resistance forces, like Yugoslavia, were more popular than those which capitulated abruptly and then resisted undramatically or not at all, even when they were known to have excellent "excuses." So our imagination refused to take in the idea of six million people docilely entering gas chambers without striking a blow to defend themselves. Even consciously, some of us asked how it was that there was so little resistance among a people who had ample warning of their fate and were well supplied with artists to forge papers, scientists and technicians to make weapons and explosives, and linguists and intellectuals to outwit the Gestapo.

This question Miss Syrkin answers, and thus makes of her book at once a moving document and a sociological case-book of abiding interest. *Blessed is the Match* is described on the dust-cover as "the whole story of Jewish resistance." That whole story is indeed presented, and includes much, gathered from the stories of survivors and the archives of the Jewish Agency, that is new to history. But it does not take up half Miss Syrkin's space; and, in the remainder, she indicates why Jewish resistance was so patchy in space and spasmodic in time.

The Jews of Central and Eastern Europe had suffered long persecution at the hands of the Nazis and of semi-Fascist governments like those of Poland and Hungary. More, in most countries anti-Semitism was the mood of the mass of the people. This bred, in some Jews and especially those of the Youth Movement, a desperate heroism and a clear-sighted disillusion; these were the heroes of the resistance. But for the majority, including the influential Jewish Councils which were maintained by the Nazis as governing bodies in the ghettoes, it was a source of despair. This in turn engendered appeasement; for, since it is not in human nature to resign oneself consciously to death, these Jews made pathetic efforts to buy their lives by complying with the minutest orders of the Nazis. Driven to believe in the usefulness of this policy, they displayed a credulity which must astound the reader, even when he remembers the isolation of the ghettoes from outside news and the diabolical cleverness of the Gestapo. Long after the extermination had begun, the warnings of the Youth Movement were dismissed as the ranting of hot-headed extremists. Nazi officials, proclaiming that they wished only to isolate the Jews or use them as a labour force, fascinated them as a snake a rabbit. Thousands of Jews registered or even volunteered for the Auschwitz trains, believing them to be bound for agricultural colonies in the East. Thousands pinned their hopes on white, yellow, and pink slips of paper, successively issued as exemption certificates. The Warsaw Jews made "It can't happen here" their slogan. When the Vilna ghetto was liquidated, they said that this was being done in former Soviet territory; when the same thing happened in Posen, they believed that the part of Poland annexed to Germany was being made *Judenrein*. The most striking fact in this book is that, when the Warsaw ghetto began its heroic fight, only one-eighth of its population remained; seven-eighths had gone to Auschwitz.

Other factors contributed both to the general demoralisation and to the practical difficulties of resistance. Chief among these was the non-co-operation and often the enmity of the Gentile peoples, for the first requisite of resistance is the sympathy of the population. In Poland partisan bands fought and slaughtered the Jews who tried to join or help them. In Lithuania and White Russia the peasants, who supplied their own guerrillas as a matter of course with food, arms, and intelligence, boycotted or betrayed the Jewish brigades. On these points there is, unhappily, no doubting the evidence adduced by Miss Syrkin; but it would be interesting to know whether her facts relate to the Moscow-inspired partisans as well as the Armia Krajowa, and whether she speaks of that part of White Russia which had been Soviet since 1917 or only since 1939.

The remaining important factor was the isolation of the Jews from the general Allied struggle. They fought for their own survival and could be little cheered by a far-off victory at Stalingrad or Alamein. Here, surely, some blame attaches to the Allies, who failed to see that a new moral factor of incalculable strength would have been added by some such gesture as the formation of a Jewish government or para-government, with such standing among the Allies as, say, the French National Committee.

There is a happier side to the picture, and to this the book does adequate, if brief, justice. Where the Jews had not been depressed by gradual persecution, where they had lived in a tolerant environment, they showed from the start a courage and solidarity which were, in the East, born only of final desperation. In France, Holland, and Norway, they were encouraged by the sympathy of the resistance forces and of most of the population, who took great personal risks to protect them from deportation. The highest morale, and the greatest bravery and devotion, were shown by the Jewish community of Palestine. There is a detailed account—the first, I think, to be published outside Palestine—of the achievements of the Palestinian Jews who parachuted into occupied Europe to arouse Jewish resistance, several of whom gave their lives in circumstances of the utmost heroism. There were 32 of these Jews—a high number when one recalls that at no time were there more than 250 Allied agents behind enemy lines; and they were the first parachutists to enter Austria and some other areas.

I have stressed the content of this book rather than its manner of presentation, which is often hasty and illogical. The style, too, is irritating in its flowery and over-excited way, and often impedes the narrative to stress the meaning of facts which speak for themselves, or, worse, to expatiate upon the emotions of the author. But the facts are there, and do much to provide a historical record, to illumine a puzzle, and to point the probabilities of the future.

MERVYN JONES

A PHILOSOPHIC LIFE

Middle Span. By GEORGE SANTAYANA. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

What is the surname shared by the two living Spaniards most conspicuous for genius? The answer to the riddle is "Ruiz." (The father of the one loved simplicity and shortened his name from Ruiz de Santayana; the other uses his mother's name Picasso.) It would be fantastic to pretend that the two great men have much else in common, except that they both have chosen to be expatriates yet retain under their cosmopolitanism a deep Spanishness—the sense "that in the service of love and imagination nothing can be too lavish, too sublime, or too festive; yet that all this passion is a caprice, a farce, a contortion, a comedy of illusions."

Mr. Santayana presents himself in his autobiography as eminently a philosopher in the sense most commonly attached to the word: he is superbly detached from things temporal. (I was about to call him as dispassionate as an Olympian, when it struck me that Olympus had been the scene of the strangest brawls and appetites.) A dutiful affection for his family and a relish for the occasional society of those he calls his friends, men who excite his curiosity or share his intellectual interests—no emotions more agitating than these enliven his autobiography. Though doubtless some philosophers have escaped the inconveniences of passion, one may doubt whether Mr. Santayana would have written so comprehendingly of the human condition if he had never deviated from the life of reason. But even if he has used his right to withhold certain confidences, one may be sure that most of his life has been directed by the rule he here lays down: "A string of excited, fugitive, miscellaneous pleasures is not happiness; happiness resides in imaginative reflection and judgment, when the *picture* of one's life, or of human life, as it truly has been or is, satisfies the will and is gladly accepted."

Of Mr. Santayana's stature as a metaphysician I cannot judge, but his essays are admirable; I place his novel *The Last Puritan* very high indeed among the fiction of our time; and his autobiography is absorbing. The first volume *Persons and Places* (just reissued, *Constable*, 10s.) is perhaps more richly delightful than *Middle Span*, because the author's family seems to be more vivid to him than his friends. Not that Lord Russell, for instance, lacked colour: the brother of Bertrand Russell, the husband of Elizabeth from the German Garden—and the victim of her ferocious novel, *Vera*—he involved himself in two scandalous trials. (He married the daughter of his mistress, and then contracted another alliance in the U.S.A. that landed him in gaol here for bigamy.) Mr. Santayana never entirely explains why this spirited, athletic scorner of convention was so important to him that a whole chapter, interesting as this, must be devoted to his portrait. Elsewhere Mr. Santayana says that the two prerequisites, in his conception, to perfect friendship are capacity to worship and capacity to laugh. One may doubt whether Lord Russell was conspicuous for the former.

Lionel Johnson, Howard Sturgis (the author of *Belchamber*) and William James are other historic figures here depicted. James was more friendly than congenial:

> . . .he would have liked me less if he had understood me better; but the sense of that illusion made spontaneous friendship impossible. I was uncomfortable in his presence. He was so extremely natural that there was no knowing what his nature was, or what to expect next; so that one was driven to behave and talk conventionally, as in the most artificial society. I found no foothold, I was soon fatigued, and it was a relief to be out again in the open, and alone.

Though Mr. Santayana taught for many years at Harvard, he was hopelessly un-Bostonian. His friend Stickney, for instance, distrusted him

> . . . for being a materialist, not so much in theory, for we never discussed that, but in my constant sense of the animal basis of spirit, and my disrespect for any claim on the part of spirit to govern the world. He feared me. I was a Mephistopheles masquerading as a conservative. I defended the past because once it had been victorious and had brought something beautiful to light; but I had no clear expectation of better things in the future. He saw looming behind me the dreadful spectres of truth and of death.

Though an unbeliever, Mr. Santayana retains from his Spanish Catholic background a bleak, consistent hatred for Liberalism—not unconnected, perhaps, with a reaction against his Liberal father. He disbelieves in progress, he dislikes its supposed manifestations. I do not wish to push what seems implicit in this book to a point that Mr. Santayana would disown, but he seems to think that, since most men are congenitally foolish and nasty animals, any attempt to improve their lot must be foredoomed and therefore unreasonable. But even if opportunities for education and healthier conditions of life did nothing to make most of their recipients happier or better (which to me is incredible), do they not vastly enlarge the field in which an occasional Santayana can burgeon? The very rarity of Miltons surely makes it desirable that none should be rendered mute and inglorious.

It happens that as an undergraduate I came to know Mr. Santayana, and I suspect that I owe to his conversation much more than I could define. To-day, even when I find some opinion of his most unacceptable, I am able, I fancy, to understand better than I otherwise should the point of view, however different from mine, that has dictated that opinion. It is a profoundly Mediterranean point of view, akin in some ways to that of the detestable Maurras; and I think that those of us Northern barbarians who, despite all our love for Greece and Rome, retain a credulous notion of human potentialities, are fortunate in enjoying still some fragments of hope, though to Southern intellects these may appear illusory and puerile.

Let me end with two quotations in which Mr. Santayana reveals his gift for description and his attachment to tradition. In the first he is going to dine with an officer in the Brigade guarding the Bank of England:

> In those days the court you first entered was surrounded by pavilions no higher than the blank outer wall; various crosslights from archways, doors and windows were caught and reflected by the wet pavements and casual puddles, or lit up bright patches of scarlet or brass or shining white belts in the groups of soldiers, hard to distinguish under the black sky, who lounged in the doors or huddled for shelter under the eaves.

And here are his reflections upon the boys he watched in the chapel at Winchester College:

> This simplicity in wealth protects from vulgarity, these classic poets, when grammar and ferrule are forgotten, leave a sediment of taste and soundness in the mind, and these reticent prayers with their diplomatic dignity and courtesy, leave it for the heart to say the last word. It is all make-believe, as sports are; but in both those dramatic exercises there is excellent discipline, and the art of life is half learned when they have been practised and outgrown. What has been learned is the right manner, the just sentiments. It remains to discover the real occasions and the real risks.

Here the conservative reveals, one may suspect, the tender-minded, self-indulgent optimism that he finds so distasteful in liberals: school chapels, like school cricket-fields, are apt to have less charm for their daily and conscribed devotees than for the foreign spectator. But how excellent is the writing in both these passages! Mr. Santayana's earlier prose lent itself better to the extraction of purple patches. Now he has entirely dehispanised his style, stripping it of rhetoric, so that it has become a model of ease, refinement, precision and congruity.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

CHARLOTTE AND EMILY

The Brontës: Charlotte and Emily. By LAURA L. HINKLEY. *Hammond and Hammond.* 15s.

Another study of the Brontës—surely there can be nothing more to say. And yet the story is never completely told, even by their latest biographer Miss Hinkley, a traveller over that new road to *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* which goes by way of the juvenile manuscripts. If she also owes, like every other writer on the Brontës, a considerable debt to Mrs. Gaskell (whose reticences are as much to be pondered on as her indiscretions) her own interpretations, both of old and new material, have value. She is over kind, perhaps, in her estimate of Mr. Brontë, whose daughters' devotion does not prove him to have been a good father. Yet in one way he did do his children a service—he left them alone. (Miss Hinkley goes so far as to call their childhood "singularly happy and fortunate.") Their reading was wide, adult and uncensored; their writings were seen by no eyes but their own. By the time *The Professor* (her first novel) was started, Charlotte had worked through every type of romantic situation, and an extravagant range of heroes and heroines. Chronicling this dream life, an obsession with all of them, persisted longest in Emily. Anne, who was least given to day-dreaming, could write when she was twenty-five: "The Gondals in general are not in first-rate playing condition. Will they improve?" Yet Emily, two years older, was declaring at the same time: "We intend sticking firmly by the rascals as long as they delight us, which, I am glad to say, they do at present."

But the Gondals were finally abandoned, and Emily turned to *Wuthering Heights*. In a sense it was written quickly; in another, it involved the impressions of a lifetime. (Miss Hinkley points out anticipations of Heathcliffe in a number of the poems, some of very early date.) Two of her suggestions are well worth noting. One is a reconstruction, from Emily's poems, of the lost Gondal story. The other is an answer to the question: what was Emily working on in the last two and a half years of her life, after *Wuthering Heights* was finished? She was living at home; her sisters were completing *Jane Eyre* and *Wildfell Hall;* writing was not only a habit but a necessity to her. But only one poem survives from this time. The idea of a second novel is likely enough. There is a letter from her publisher, Newby, written ten months before her death, which refers to her "next novel." "You are quite right," he says, "not to let it go before the world until well satisfied with it." Miss Hinkley's theory is that it was based on a study of the dissolute Branwell; that this was one reason for Emily's anger when the "Bell" identities were revealed, and that on Branwell's death she destroyed the manuscript and, in doing so, her will to live. This is rational, and yet, and yet—did Emily ever draw so directly on her adult experiences? There is nothing of Brussels, of curates, of schools in any of her writing. The author of *Wuthering Heights*—set in two lonely houses on a moor—might never have known a town. Where there is a fine room it is seen from the outside by a tiptoeing child at the window. It is a book in which middle age and sober married life have no place. Those who are not young are old, as children see them.

Yet, speculation apart, Miss Hinkley writes percipiently, not only of Emily's work, but of her relationships with Branwell and each of her sisters and of her reasons for avoiding outside contacts. "Charlotte will bring it all home to me," she would say when asked to go visiting. Ultimately, it is not the likeness but the difference between the sisters that must strike us. Miss Hinkley writes more fairly than most critics of Charlotte, who has suffered from being her own most complete and honest biographer. How neatly, for instance, she disposes of the idea that Charlotte was in love with M. Heger. Charlotte depended much on outside friendships, and was, after all, less to be censured for her letters than the professor for his silence, particularly when we read the account of his method which he confided in his old age to a young teacher (later the Abbé Richardson of the Institut St. Louis in Brussels). Absolute devotion of the teacher to the pupils was necessary, and complete ascendancy over their personalities (a rationalisation of his temperament, Miss Hinkley aptly comments). It is ironic that his few cherished letters have disappeared, and that the unwelcome ones from Charlotte have survived. Or is it so strange? He threw them away twice, it is true, but so half-heartedly that they were both times rescued, mended and kept,

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first by his wife, then, many years later, by his daughter. As Miss Hinkley points out, the Brontës, who had no intention of shocking their readers, were constantly doing so, not because they were wilfully unconventional, but because they did not know what the conventions were. They had never been sheltered, as Mrs. Gaskell shows, from rough knowledge. Charlotte thought nothing of starting a conversation with a stranger (whom she rightly guessed to be a Frenchman) in a railway carriage. Soon after the publication of *Jane Eyre* she was in easy correspondence with some of the most eminent writers of the day.

And this, too, seems, as we read the chapter on Charlotte as a celebrity, the most natural thing in the world. Even if in company she was like her own Crimsworth at a party: " frigidly shy at the commencement . . . confusingly vigilant about the middle, and insultingly weary towards the end," in her letters she is warm, intelligent, entertaining, self-possessed. If there is a change it is that she is now a professional, not a private writer, and for the first time there are silences. " I think you have no bad days," she writes to Harriet Martineau about her work. " I have bad days, bad weeks, aye, bad months." The empty house at Haworth oppresses her. She misses Emily's criticism. " It is so bad for the mind to be quite alone. I cannot write a line." This, too, passes. She turns down an offer to contribute to American magazines; she writes *Villette*.

Miss Hinkley notes that many of the emotional situations in the novels had been tried out originally as verse. Charlotte, she says, was always a novelist in her poetry. True, her poems, which are strongly dramatic, at times resemble the pictures that Jane showed to Mr. Rochester. But her prose, by contrast, is full of poetic imagination. Many passages come to mind—the guests at the great house party at Thornfield coming out of their rooms like flowers, the midnight fete at Villette, the essays on her sisters. Miss Hinkley, like most writers on the Brontës, examines plot and character rather than style. She might also have told us more about their reading; it was important to them. It may seem that she has too few doubts, too little diffidence when she advances a theory. But she has written with freshness and restraint on a subject that easily invites sentimentality, superciliousness and outrageous guesswork. Her biographical good manners are not the least attraction of her sensible and stimulating book.

NAOMI LEWIS

NEW NOVELS

Woman Without Love. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS, trans. by JOAN CHARLES. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Journey Into Spring. By WINSTON CLEWES. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Asking For Trouble. By T. O. BEACHCROFT. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Tapestry Bed. By LOUISE DE VILMORIN. trans., by J. H. F. MCEWEN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Never trust a reviewer who uses the word " irritating." He is almost certainly complacent. See where he lies, dozing uneasily with a fly swat in each hand. Up he springs, unable to stand the buzzing any longer. " There, sir! That's for you with your troublesome, chattering characters (not at all the sort of people I should invite to tea!) and your improbable situations (can't imagine myself getting mixed up in a business like that!). Shoo! Be off, you blue-bottles against the window-panes of literature! " We can have no faith in such a man.

But some such word is necessary to describe the new novels by M. André Maurois and Mr. Winston Clewes. They are about irritating people. M. Maurois has written the better book of the two because he has been clever enough to prevent our exasperation with his central character from degenerating into an exasperation with the book as a whole—a circumstance that Mr. Clewes does not wholly avoid. *Woman Without Love* is always interesting, never unconvincing and frequently instructive. By those of us who have not been schooled by the admirable Dr. Marie Stopes it may even be thought original. The writing bears the marks of a lucid, mature and knowledgeable mind and only disappoints because it fails to achieve as much as it seemed to promise. What one had hoped was going to be a novel turns out to be something not very far removed from a clinical study.

The theme is sexual frigidity in the female. It is characteristic of M. Maurois' method that he is at some pains to explain what may well be the inexplicable. Why should Claire—the heroine—be so cold? Was it due to the teaching of her English governess, a woman who once said of a society wedding, " Don't you see that that ceremony, that music, that incense, all those white flowers, were there just to disguise the horrid thing that is going to happen? " Or was it due to Claire's fondness for romantic literature? Or the example of her own parents' unhappy marriage? Claire's malaise is confirmed by a husband who turns out to be a particularly selfish and exacting lover. She divorces him and marries again, this time to a poet who should have been more satisfactory from every point of view. But her trouble has already become chronic and, indeed, incurable. How can it all end? If Balzac had the handling of Claire she would have ended up in a convent with her two husbands weeping outside the gate. Proust would have headed her in the direction of Sapphism. And most English writers would have transformed her into a heroine of the Resistance.

M. Maurois, with greater sobriety, allows Claire's second husband to die. She reveres his memory and places a daily bowl of red roses before his picture. She has him safely, securely and impotently where, so far as she is concerned, all men should be: in her mind's eye. M. Maurois has not explored the harder side of a nature like Claire's—her cruelty, for example—but this may be due to the precise assessment he has made of his own talent; he may not have thought it within his power to risk alienating his reader's sympathies for a character who so plainly deserves them. Nevertheless, it is a real book about real people.

If only one could say the same of Mr. Clewes's *Journey Into Spring*! The situation is real enough: Fletton has been so embittered by his experiences as a prisoner-of-war that he goes into a monstrous sulking fit and tries to live by himself and for himself. Moreover, the setting is real enough: Fletton inherits an enormous derelict mansion in which he can camp and indulge in his vice—and this mansion is graphically described. But this is not enough to prevent the novel from giving an impression of artificiality.

Mr. Clewes is probably correct in his thesis that men like Fletton are restored to normality if, even against their will, they become involved in society once more. In the present case Fletton gets mixed up in a village abduction, his better nature takes charge and (for books of this kind are the modern equivalent of the Victorian novel about a crisis of faith) he is saved. But Fletton is not a character at all, he is a disposition. The lesser creatures in the story have the bewildered demeanour of people taken over from some less pretentious narrative and then chased round to do and say much they would have preferred to forgo. Mr. Clewes runs them very hard and there is, as a result, hardly a page of his book that does not give off squeaks under the strain.

On Mr. T. O. Beachcroft's *Asking for Trouble*

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there is a blight of a different kind—the blight of the prosaic. His writing has the merit of modesty, he never exaggerates, never forces the pace, never falsifies. The achievement of this particular novel is Rose, a blousy, good-natured barmaid who is quite adequately alive. There she is, soberly and realistically serving out the beer and half-heartedly rejecting the advances of her lascivious boss. She would, quite undoubtedly, feel sorry for silly young Norah who has fallen in love with a flash criminal type, undoubtedly she would try to warn her and, just as undoubtedly, she would get her face slapped for her trouble. But we want something more. The atmosphere of Cockney pubs and mean streets is not enough—even with the sirens wailing—to sustain a novel. We want something for our sense of humour, or our sense of tragedy, something to stir our compassion or our indignation, something to arouse more in the reader than the mute passivity of a despairing unemployable watching the rain run down the window-pane. The theme of *Asking for Trouble* is petty and Mr. Beachcroft never attempts to disguise the fact.

I intend no disrespect for Louise de Vilmorin's *The Tapestry Bed* by leaving it until last. Far from it. The book is delightful. It is, however, a bed-time story and it seemed more fitting to leave it until the twilight of an article. A fair lady sits in her castle, waiting for the prince to rescue her. This he eventually does, to the grief of the young man her father keeps in one of the dungeons; for he has caught glimpses of her from his barred window and composed music in her honour.

But this is only one of the tunes that runs through the story. There are others.

The castle is, in reality, a provincial French prison, the time is in the eighteen-eighties, the young man is a condemned murderer who is also a musician of unrecognised genius; and the fair lady is the daughter of the prison governor. And what a governor! He is smart enough—with a little prompting—to feel that there might be some merit in the music that the young prisoner is composing. Encouragement is given, pen, ink, paper, seclusion are all supplied. But the music is published under the name of Clement Porey-Cave, that of the governor himself. He achieves great fame as a result. M. Porey-Cave is a very level-headed man and he does not allow success to spoil him. He does not even allow it to mar his calm ignorance of music. And if at times he is worried by the thought that his prisoner might escape and learn of the swindle M. Porey-Cave is able to comfort himself. "All his MSS are in my possession and I could easily destroy them at the first hint of danger. And what weight would the word of an escaped murderer have against my own? Justice, after all, reigns supreme."

One has to read very little of this novel to be aware that something rather odd is happening. Perhaps it is due to the irony. But, whatever the explanation, the reader feels a curious relaxation of the facial muscles. This will, no doubt, cause him a certain uneasiness. He may put a hand up to his cheek to test whether things are still as they should be. It is only when he stands up and looks in a mirror that he realises what is happening. For a reader of contemporary fiction it is unusual. He is smiling. P. H. NEWBY

APOLLO'S PUBLIC RELATIONS

The Grass Roots of Art. BY HERBERT READ. *Lindsay Drummond.* 5*s.*

As it plies its trade in the museums, art is totally cut off from everyday life, and does nothing to change us or the world about us: so for years and years, Mr. Herbert Read has been telling us and urging his particular cure. In this little book, the vehicle of his diagnosis and prescription is a set of five wartime lectures on a variety of subjects, all of them aspects of the problem of art and the public (art *versus* the public, we feel inclined to say). This book is not only very readable but very worthwhile reading, because it is perhaps the clearest and most forceful exposition of his views on the problem that Mr. Read has published. Its value is that it seems to come directly out of what he has felt, and isn't filtered through his reading: here, for once, his reading is filtered through his feeling. It is one of Mr. Read's peculiarities that he labours under rather than rides upon his reading. He is a bad reader because he is too *possessive* a reader: hence, in *Education Through Art* (or any other book of his stained with the guilt of verbal gluttony) those remorselessly irritating quotations, those indefatigable confusing efforts to display chimerical affinities between palpably unrelated theories. Anybody who had spent a few hours in charge of a roomful of children splashing paint would have written a better book than Mr. Read did, with his countless visits to other people's classes and his bibliography of 202 items—and nobody would have done so better than Mr. Read himself, who writes so well, as poet or autobiographer or essayist, out of his own experience and his own ideas. He is an important writer in spite of his scholarship and because of his humanity, because of the rare enthusiasm with which he loves and hates. He loves and hates best when farthest from his library—as far from it as he seems to have been when he wrote these lectures. They are erudite lectures, but their erudition hovers like a footman discreetly in the background.

Mr. Read's main argument is that great artistic movements cannot be set in motion by the ruling class, but arise spontaneously and gratuitously "out of the grass roots of a civilisation," out of "a certain *instinct for form* which is diffused among the whole people." It follows that nothing is to be gained from the establishment of a Ministry of Fine Arts. What can be achieved from above are changes that will establish the conditions in which an artistic tradition can grow of its own accord—changes, before all, in educational methods and in the appearance of our environment. The chasm separating the artist from the public will only be diminished as every member of the public himself becomes an artist; not by attending evening classes to sketch antique statuettes but by being brought up as a *maker*, a craftsman who can use his hands in the service of his eyes. We can cure the "atrophy of sensation" under which society labours only by training our children to use their senses joyously in looking at things, and above all, in making things.

Mr. Read isn't satisfied that the educational nest should be feathered in this way if we emerge from it only to be closeted in the refrigerator of industrial and clerical life and left there to freeze. On the other hand, he knows that we can't wish away the refrigerator. We must not make futile efforts to reverse the direction of history; we must accept it and give impetus to "a movement in a parallel direction, and not in opposition. We must, in other words, establish a *double-decker* civilisation." The division between decks is to be made not by a "vertical rift," reserving special industries for the craftsman, but horizontally, "affecting every industry and every individual, but only up to a certain point. In other words, let every individual serve an apprenticeship in handicrafts." Mr. Read is a Yogi, not a Commissar: he is wary of external revolutions; he wants to change the Inner Man (I use the phrase in its old-fashioned sense, not its modern one designating—oh, so symptomatically!—the stomach). But he is not so naive as to assume that his plans for the child and the adolescent would have an enduring effect

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on somebody compelled to live out his adult life under modern conditions. So he insists, in his concluding lecture, on the need for "an industrial system which gives the worker a direct responsibility for the quality of his work." There's the rub. Burnham has pointed out the trend towards an ever-wider gap between worker and manager, steadily relieving the worker of skill and responsibility, and it's this very trend which is doing so much to bring about our "atrophy of sensation" in the first place. We are hurtling around a vicious spiral, and our impetus may be too great to allow us to take the escape-road Mr. Read has built for us. But at the very least this book of his is a reminder that free milk for schools and State subsidies for the arts are no more than a bare beginning, and may be a beginning off the wrong foot. A. D. B. SYLVESTER

Week-end Competitions

No. 958

Set by Richard Lister.

Mr. Herbert Morrison was recently invited to address the Young Conservatives. This courteous democratic procedure might well be extended to other walks of life, and competitors are invited to compose the first 200 words of an after-dinner speech by one of the following: Picasso as a guest of the Royal Academy; a bicyclist as the guest of the R.A.C.; Mr. Bernard Shaw as the guest of the Butchers' Federation; a film producer as the guest of the Historical Association; an M.F.H. as the guest of the N.S.P.C.A. Entries by July 6.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 955

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Six guineas are offered for twelve lines of conversation in rhyme conducted by the three figures by Henry Moore in Battersea Park in stichomythia (each character taking one line in rotation).

Report by Thomas Smallbones

It soon became clear what these figures meant to those to whom they meant something more than mere giggles. Intimations of immortality, the staunch queueing woman, and apprehensions of approaching disaster. The best entries managed to combine these.

Thus Mrs. Scheffauer :

A : The people of the Cyclopēs
B : Giants like us with bony knees
C : Aim rather to alarm than please
A : Our like, who stand flat-footed in queues
B : Small eared, like whales, still hear the news
C : Pass on, like us, their one-eyed views.

Among the ribald, Professor Bodkin weighed in but with less trenchancy I felt in his verse than in his prose. H. A. C. Evans sent an ingenious macaronic in Greek, Latin and Joycese. T. C. N. G. added two verses to "Oh dear what can the matter be? Three old maids, and locked in the. . . ." and Mrs. Staynor began in fine music hall style :

A : I hate this English climate why ever does it pour so.
B : Small birds are disrespectful—the pigeons even more so.
C : Why will these flipping people strike their matches on my torso?

Among the runners-up were Anthrax Baxter, Elizabeth Morris, Gordon Simpson, Omega, Graeme Wilson, Yorick, and Fergie.

I suggest a first prize of two guineas to B. H. Whyte and a guinea each to the others printed below.

A : Was it for this that we were quarried, sisters of one stone?
B : As a butt for the buttoned-up, corseted, horrid daughters of flesh and bone.
C : To display to the dull and aesthetic'ly null lashings of cultural tone. (Hear our moan!)
A : Why were we fashioned in vestments rationed on lines elemental and stark?
B : We would have looked right on some age-old height for primeval man to mark.
C : But by the decree of the L.C.C. we're slumming in Battersea Park. (Keep it dark!)
A : I admit Rodin's John's a brawny bronze, but we've very mixed company.
B : Maillol's Graces' conventional faces are too naive for me.
C : Epstein's a genius at faking gardenias, but chips of the old Moore are we. (Praise be!)
A : We are a light and a joy to creation, form divinely expressed.

B : We are a public education, a sample of Britain's best.
C : We'll end up decking some Underground station, nationalised with the rest. (What a pest!)

B. H. WHYTE

A : *Explain* them?—well, I think they're just designs!
B: A gaudy multiplicity of lines.
C : Complex and mobile—they're like *Him*, Divines!

A : But very rude! And rather too ornate.
B : My dear, look how that Mangod ogles Kate!
C : I hear they're even ruder in the Tate.

A : D'you think, then, we'll go *there* when we are old?
B : If He's a Michaelangelo, we're sold.
C : And I'm so very—damn that pigeon!—cold.

A : They say that all good Moore-ites never fail.
B : Are *no-one's* intercessions of avail?
C : Lord Henry, take us home to Darley Dale!

T. J. G. ROGERS

A : "Henry," I says, and what d'you think I said?
B : You're quiet this evening. Penny for them, dear?
C : It's all these folk. Their thoughts go through my head.

A : I tells him straight, "You can't do this here here—"
B : Cheer up! Just see that Lipchitz—it's a screamer
C : So many thoughts. It's them that makes me queer.

A : "—You'll have us tarred and feathered, like poor Rima."
B : You never! (To 3rd) She's a cheerful up-and-upper!
C : I think some understand. But I'm a dreamer.

A : It's late. They're going home to get their supper.
B : And we're still homeless, if I'm not misled—
C : Let's slip along to Lyons' for a cuppa.

P. GORHAM

A : See over there where the storm cloud lowers!
B : To gaze so far is beyond my powers.
C : Is it ours, do you think? Is it one of ours?

A : Sisters, we've stood here a thousand years—
B : Poised between triumph and draining fears—
C : Are we to sing, or shed slow tears?

A : Must we always speak of alarms?
B : Rather, I'd talk of my children's charms.
C : Our household cares and our husbands' arms.

A : But see over there where the great cloud towers!
B : A sail or a wing that flutters and cowers?
C : Is it ours, do you think? Is it one of ours?

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

COLONIAL Service. Several vacancies exist for Statisticians in the newly created Statistical Department of the Government of Nigeria. Candidates should have obtained a degree with 1st or 2nd class hons. (or equiv. qualifics.) in Statistics or in Maths., Economics or other appropriate main subjects combined with Statistics, at an Institute of University rank; or having obtained a degree with 1st or 2nd class hons. (or equiv. qualific.) in Maths., Economics, or other appropriate subjects, must have been employed on statistical work. While older candidates may be considered, applicants should pref. be under 35 yrs. of age. Posts are pensionable and annual salary scale is: Male £600-£1,300; female, £600-£1,075. (Initial salary according to qualifics.) Free 1st class passages provided. Candidates who prefer a short period contract will also be considered. Applics. in writing, stating age & exp., to: Director of Recruitment (Colonial Serv.), 15 Victoria St. S.W.1.

INDUSTRIAL Psychologist or Sociologist reqd. for Roffey Park Training and Research Department, Horsham, Sussex. Exp. of teaching an advantage. Salary £1,000-£1,200 p.a., acdg. to age and experience, plus use of unfurn. house. Apply Medical Director.

THE Royal Dental Hospital of London School of Dental Surgery (Univ. of London), 32 Leicester Sq. W.C.2. Applics. invited for post of School Secretary. (Deputy School Secy. until Jan. 1, 1949.) Sal. accdg. to age and exp., £600-£900 p.a., plus superann. and family allowance. Successful candidate reqd. to take up duty on Sept. 1, 1948. Applics., accompanied by 3 testimonials, should be submitted by July 8, 1948, to the Acting Dean.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Extra-Mural Dept. Applics. are invited for the following posts: 1. Resident Organising Tutors in South Staffordshire (2 posts), initial sal. £550 p.a., rising to £700. 2. Staff Tutor in Music—initial sal. £550 p.a., rising to £700. 3. Administrative Assistant at initial sal. of £400-£500 p.a., according to qualifics. and exp. Further partics. from C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3, to whom applics. should be sent by July 10.

B.B.C. invites applics. from qualified solicitors for post in the Solicitor's Dept. Good exp. of conveyancing and litigation is essential. Sal. is in a grade rising by annual increments of £40 to max. of £890 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse. W.1, marked "Solicitor's Dept., N. Stm.," within seven days. For acknowl. enclose s.a.e.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Applics. invited for appointment of a Tutor in practical Social Work in the Dept. of Social Studies. Assistant Lecturers' Grade, £450-£500, eligible for promotion to Lecturers' Grade, £525-800. Candidates (pref. graduates with qualific. in social studies) should have substantial practical exp. of social work; exp. of teaching or supervision of students an advantage. Liberal opportunities for writing and research. Full particulars of the post from Registrar. Applics. copies) must be received by July 7.

UNIV. College of S. Wales and Monmouthshire. Cardiff. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer in Statistics in Department of Econs. and Social Science. Duties will include research. Initial salary not exceeding £700 p.a. Applics. including names of refs., and, if desired, copies of testimonials, should be recd. by July 5, 1948 by Louis S. Thomas, Registrar, from whom further partics. obtainable.

EASTBOURNE Local Educ. Authority. Chelsea College of Physical Education. Applics. invited from suitably qualified women for appointment to post of Head Bursar of College, which will open in Eastbourne in the Autumn, 1948. Applicants should have successfully completed a course in Institutional Management at recog. College of Domestic Science and have had appropriate exp. Head Bursar will generally be responsible to Principal of College for domestic arrangements of the 3 bldgs. which provide the College accomm., and should be prepared to take up duty as soon as possible. Post will be residential and salary will be at rate of £520 p.a., rising by 2 annual increments of £15 and 1 of £20 to max. of £570 p.a. less deduction at rate of £100 p.a. in respect of board and resid. as from date on which accomm. is ready for occupation. Appointment will be subject to provisions of Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937, and to passing of medical exam. Applics. should be made by letter giving full partics. of training and exp., and should reach J. C. Aspden, Chief Educ. Officer, Education Office, 14 Upperton Rd., Eastbourne, by July 10.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. The Council of the College invites applics. for follg. posts: (a) A Research Lectureship in Social and Economic History for 2 years at a sal. of £450 p.a., plus superann. (b) At least two Research Assistantships in Social Studies at sal. of £300 to £450 p.a., according to qualifics. Applicants for (b) should be graduates in History or Economics or Sociology or Political Science or Philosophy. Appointments will date from Oct. 1, 1948. Further partics. from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics. must be received without delay.

CENTRAL Council for Health Education. The salary offered for the post of Exhibition Officer which appeared in our issue of June should be £800, not £900 as shown.

Appointments Vacant—continued

PORTSMOUTH Training College. Principal, Miss D. Dymond, M.A. Applics. are invited for Sept., 1948, or January, 1949, for a Lecturer in Biology. Candidates must possess high qualifics. and good teaching exp. is essential. Sal. in accordance with the Pelham Award for Training Colleges. Forms of applic. and further partics. from Registrar, the Municipal College, Portsmouth.

PORTSMOUTH Training College. Principal, Miss D. Dymond, M.A. Applics. are invited for Sept., 1948, or Jan., 1949, for Lecturer in History. Candidates must possess high qualifics. and exp. Sal. in accordance with the Pelham Award for Training Colleges. Forms of applic. and further partics. from the Registrar, the Municipal College, Portsmouth.

ASSISTANT Education Secretary. Candidates must be familiar with educ. practices of the Co-operative Movement and qualified in secretarial procedure. N.U.C.O. scale: £490 p.a. (incl. war bonus £104). Applic. form, to be returned by July 1, 1948, obtainable from Educ. Secy., Royal Arsenal Co-operative Socy., Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

COUNTY Music Organiser for Isle of Ely. Applics. invited from men and women interested in developing music amongst adult and youth groups. Sal. £350-£450 with travelling allowance and pension. Further partics. Sec., Community Council, 7 Hills Rd. Cambridge.

Y.W.C.A. of Gt. Britain has three vacancies in Inverness, (a) General Secretary responsible for administering large youth club of junior and senior members, incl. boys. Full exp. essential. (b) Club Leader to work with above and with special interest in drama and music. (c) Caterer to be in charge of small canteen giving mid-day meals. Sals. according to exp. Women under 41 require M. of L. permit. Apply by letter to "S.," Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell St. London, W.C.1.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Danish Typist. Thorough knowl. of Danish and first-class typing is essential as the work consists mostly of taking dictation in Danish straight on to the typewriter. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse., London, W.1, marked "Danish Typist N. Stm." For acknowl. enclose s.a.e.

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LINDSEY (Lincs) Assocn. of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs. Affiliated to the National Assoc. of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs. Organising Secretary reqd. in Sept. to develop work in clubs in rural area. Training and exp. in youth work essential. Sal. £300-£350 with travelling allowance. Car essential. Applics. with copies of testimonials as soon as possible to Chairman, L.A.G.C. & M.C. Training College, Lincoln.

HAMPSHIRE. The Children's Cttee. of the County Council invite applics. from women over age of 21 for post of Deputy Warden of a Reception Home for Children. Residential exp. with children reqd., some nursing exp. desirable, interest in games and amusements. Salary 94*s.* 6*d.* p.w. less a deduction of 23*s.* p.w. for board and lodging. Post is superannuable subject to passing a medical exam. Applic. forms and further partics. obtainable from The Children's Officer, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester.

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EXPERIENCED Physics, Maths. and Chemistry women graduates required. September (or preferably end July), W.1. Box 3607.

Appointments Wanted

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